

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.



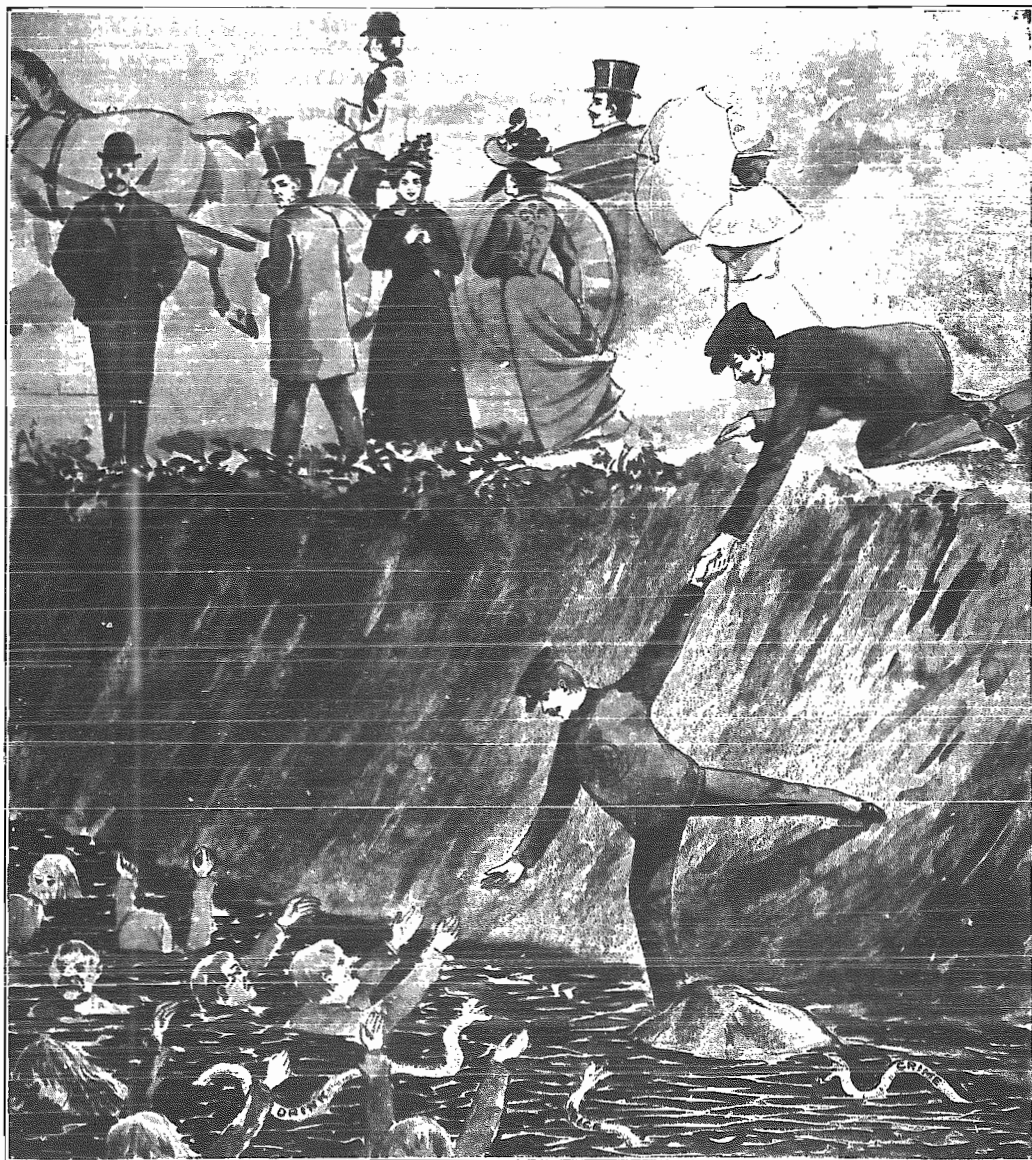
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WILLIAM BOOTH  
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"GO FOR THE WORST."

(See article on page 5.)

# BRIGHT BRIEF AND BREEZY

## WISE WORDS.

Tact does not remove difficulties, but dissolves them away under them.

The determined and persevering man never despair of gaining their object in this world.

However vast may appear the world in which we move, we all of us live in a limited circle.

The character of a woman rapidly develops after marriage, and sometimes seems to change, when, in fact, it is only complete.

Without tact you can learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always enquiring never learn anything.

Eloquence is the child of knowledge. When the mind is full like a wholesome river, it is also clear. Confusion and obscurity are much oftener the results of ignorance than of inefficiency.—Lord Beaconsfield.

## HEAVY SHELLS

By LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS.

A little help is worth a great deal of pity.

Unburden your heart of every fear, and seize the confidence of a conquering Christ.

Inasmuch as you neglect your duty you forfeit your own present and everlasting peace.

Men and women are being lost every day, scores, hundreds, thousands of them, and, oh! think of the importance of one precious soul.

It is of the utmost importance that you should love, live, obey, follow, watch, endure, suffer, brave, fight and rush ahead for God and souls.

Cling to Him till all your heart and being is saturated with His tender, ever-flowing, ever-fresh, ever-sympathizing, childlike spirit.

Will you allow business, politics, money, influence, reputation, or any thing else to come between you and this matter of saving your fellow men? Then shame upon you.

What are you going to do? To say nothing of the responsibility resting upon you, it is meanest in the extreme to see souls dying all around you and yet never lend them a helping hand.

Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and with one long, united, wholehearted, desperate effort rush to lift the sorrowing, sin-cursed souls of humanity into this life of spotless union and communion with God.

Get down at Christ's bleeding feet, and get filled with the same pitying, dying love that moved His heart, actuated His life, and caused Him to die for your sakes; it will then be easy for you to go and help every needy soul.

Take your sins, your doubts, your fears, take selfishness and pride and ever inward and outward besetment and nail them to Calvary! Nail them to the Cross! Crucify them! It may be hard, but do it. Get "nailed up."

Know this, that you know an old servant of the devil, he knows your weak-

## STOP THE SUPPLIES.

"Is there any reason to be found in hell why the dark stream of lost souls that rolls thitherward day by day should not be lessened and narrowed, or cut off altogether, and sent up with thundering shouts of joy to the gates of heaven? Are there not sadly too many lost already? Can there possibly be any reason, human or theological, why God's plans of mercy should not be carried out? Oh! if hell's fires cannot be quenched, cannot we stop the supplies?" THE GENERAL.

et points, and be sure he is going to attack you whenever he can find a loophole and your work will be assailed just where the devil is the weakest, and where you are the least able to oppose him.

There are thousands—tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands of precious souls who have been attacked, smitten, wounded, overcome, by sin and are helplessly groaning, bleeding, dying, because there is no one who has sufficient godliness and love to go and help them.

Sinner, has His love got constrained thee to bring to Him thy weary, weary heart of sin? Surely thou cannot but withhold thyself any longer. Listen! He'll give thee joy for sorrow and life for death if thou wilt just now cast thyself in true repentance into His hands.

How important it is in erecting a building that it should be well fixed and so nailed up that it cannot be easily removed. ARE YOU NAILED UP? So fixed in the will and service of God, that the hardest thing to do would be to disobey Him or doubt His power to save and keep to the uttermost.

Millions of all classes, black and vile with sin, as with a voice of ten thousand and thunders call out the long and bitter cry, "Help us! Help us!" Heaven hears it and speaks back to you. "Yes, help them!" While Hell with one terrific shriek echoes with, "Warn them! Help them! Save them!"

Be desperate, rush forward, attack invaders, you must, take villages, capture every town, seize every city, conquer every country, pull down the devil's kingdom, chase the foe, drive sin and misery out of the universe, save the world; now then, soldiers, sergents, officers, everybody, quick march, forward, double—march on!

## HOLD ON: A WARNING FROM ONE WHO DIDN'T.

I sit with a heavy heart.  
Illusion has fled away;  
My life is dreary and dull,  
The hours are heavy and grey.  
I think of the time when I  
Was foremost in the fight,  
When, true to my vows, I fought  
For God, and the Army, and right.

I think of the influence once  
I wielded over souls;  
'Twixt now and those happy days  
Lies a distance wide as the polar;  
I think of the crowded hall  
In which I would often plead—  
Appealing to unwary souls,  
And faithfully saving the seed.

I think of how oft I told  
Of God and His wondrous power,  
And how He would keep us true  
In temptation's harassing hour.  
I think, with memory sad,  
Of how I have failed since then  
To stand at the battle's front,  
And fight for the children of men.

## OBSCURE MARTYRS.

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

They have no place in storied page;  
No rest in marble shrine;  
They are past and gone with a perished age.

They died and "made no sign."  
But work that shall find its wages yet,  
And deeds that their God did not forget,  
Bode for their lowly divine—  
These were their mourners, and these shall be.

The crowns of their immortality.

O, seek them not where sleep the dead,  
Ye shall not find their trace;  
No green grass is at their head,  
No grassen grass hides their face;  
But sad and unseen is their silent grave,  
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,  
Or the lonely desert place;  
For they need no prayer and no mourning-bell—  
They are tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,  
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;  
We shall know at last by a certain token  
How they fought and fell in the fight,  
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,  
Passionate cries unchronicled,  
And silent strifes for the right—  
Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh.

That she left her best children to battle and die,  
"God has forbidden sin, hence the awful guilt which disobedience brings—guilt so heavy that it will sink the soul into the burning sea of everlasting doom: guilt so deep that no one can fathom it, and so black that no artist can paint it, and yet so deceptive that its victims, unawakened by the Spirit's power, often seem unconscious that it is fixed upon them."

And guided each day and hour;  
He still had almighty power;  
And, instead of giving way,  
And looking at shadows grim,  
I ought to have yielded all,  
And left the dark future to Him.

Yet the Master could have kept  
And guided each day and hour;  
Though many excuses I made,  
He still had almighty power;  
And, instead of giving way,  
And looking at shadows grim,  
I ought to have yielded all,  
And left the dark future to Him.

I look to the future now,  
And it holds no joy for me;  
My blessings are all behind.  
No beauty ahead I see.  
Unless—I will speak the truth—  
Unless I find once more  
The path that I vowed to tread,  
And be as I was of yore.

But you? You were called as well.  
The Master has held you hand,  
Oh, is He your Guide to-day?  
Or do you uncertain stand?  
Are you tempted to leave your post,  
By hardships, or doubt, or sin?  
Hold on! For the cloud will lift,  
Hold on! There's a crown to win.

## Gems from the German.

Be suspicious of no one so much as thyself.

Only the bettering of the heart brings true wisdom.

Philosophy seeks truth; theology finds it; religion possesses it.

Say not always what thou knowest, but always know what thou sayest.

The truth will not adapt itself to us; we must adapt ourselves to the truth.

Despise not any religion. It is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand.

What thou cannot see, see, and use thine eyes well, but in things invisible and eternal trust God's Word.

We should have to run naked in the woods, were we to strip ourselves of all we have borrowed from others.

## OUR SERGEANT'S WIFE.

Our sergeant is an able man, who should

But he is troubled with a thorn which his flesh you see:

A thorn that cannot be removed: that's linked to him for life;  
A thorn that's pointed at both ends—  
"That's his wife!"

She hides the uniform he'd wear, when he would early come

To where, she says, "They play the fool, and beat a big old drum;

And as a parting shot she flings these words with venom ripe—  
"I know you love the Army more than what you do your wife!"

When he returns she gets a chance to say some spiteful thing—

"Here comes the saint! You're late again!" she makes the homestead ring.

He smiles, she frowns; looks sad—the jeers—her jaw-bone hangs for strife:  
A bit of scandal oils the tongue of our poor sergeant's wife.

For children all must go to CHURCH, and sometimes she goes there.

Well decked in ornaments of gold, and plaiting of the hair;

"They shall not be Salvationists," she says, "or there'll be strife!"

SHE knows about the Army, 'cause she is the sergeant's wife!

Oh, yes, she has been visited, again and again.

By officers and comrades who have made Salvation plain;

But when they turn their backs to go, she pulls 'em all to bits—

And lets her pent-up anger flow by giving sergeant fits!

Oh, you who pray both night and day, for brethren 'cross the sea,

How can you in this Christian land let such a woman be?

Why should the good that might be done by one devoted life

Be marred by her whose actions say, "I like to foster strife?"

If from a Mary Magdalene, God cast seven devils out;

And if He made us what WE are, and turned us right about;

With faith and works, I do believe, we'll help Him use the knife

That will cut out the story heart of our poor sergeant's wife!

Copperfield.

"Use just the same diligence, earnestness, and determination in soul-saving that you would if you were resolutely set on any human project."—Mrs. Booth.

# THE EMBEZZLEMENT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

CHAPTER VI.  
THE ARREST.

By A. M. N.

The scene is changed from the stilling, drink-charged atmosphere of a West-End life to a quiet, sleepy town in Hampshire, whither Henry Whitcliffe had gone to spend a month's holidays.

In the interval, events had moved with rapidity. His embezzlement were more frequent, and for heavier sums of money; so heavy, indeed, that he deemed it prudent to deposit, week by week, large amounts with a private bank, which was managed by a Jewish father and son in the East of London. There is no doubt that towards the end of this stage of his career Henry Whitcliffe was buffeted between the devil of guilt and the deep sea of self-preservation. He would be awake for hours at night gazing at the bed-post, but really picturing in his mind the final result of his deceit, adultery, and fraud.

Haunted by the fear that the woman who knew his secrets was not safe out of his sight, he succeeded in procuring for her a situation in the firm, on the plea that she was the daughter of a poor country clergyman.

This arrangement, however, only plunged him into deeper misery, and revealed the deeper depths of infamy in his character. She "took on" with other men in the firm, and when Whitcliffe objected, she "turned round" upon him.

"Say one word more," she cried, on one of these occasions, "I will arrange to ornament your wrists with heretics' handcuffs." He was then in her cruel, tight, and horrible grip. Oh, the wages of sin!

At any moment she might "peach" on him; at any moment the firm might discover his misdeeds; at any moment an anonymous letter to the firm from the East-End Jews might lead to an investigation of his books, and then—

"Oh, God!" Whitcliffe would exclaim.

Fear, misery, conscience, at length drove him to resign his position, much to the disappointment of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone, especially when he learnt that he had secured another situation at an increased salary. They offered to advance his salary. But, no; Whitcliffe, with many regrets on his lips, handed over his books to his successor, left without arousing the slightest suspicion, and began his new work, determined to lead an honest and pure life.

In this he was in a measure successful. He cut himself free from the woman. He employed his evenings in reading and recreation, and London town, that seemed before to be filled with ghosts, was now bright and pleasant. For months he tasted the bliss of honest labor, the peace of times, the past rose before him like a ghastly nightmare.

He went for his holidays the purest and sweetest he had ever enjoyed. He rose early, and he sang the song of the lark till the well of his emotions was stirred. The perfume from the new hay, the buds of the many flowers in the garden, the feathered hedges by the roadside, the trees of the wood, the poplars surrounding the mansions of the rich, and the ripple of the brooks, were his chief delights. His heart was sick of sin. Like the prodigal, he had come to himself, but, unlike him, he knew not of a father's love and a father's home.

The morning before the termination of his holiday, Henry was, strange to say, unusually fearful and fidgety. He dressed with extreme care, spent a long time over his breakfast, and, with a melancholy air, he took up a book, entitled, "The God of our Fathers."

He had not proceeded a dozen yards, however, when a well-dressed, stalwart and polite man approached.

"Mr. Whitcliffe, I presume," said he, with a courtesy that might have given satisfaction to a prince.

"Yes—that's my name," replied Henry Whitcliffe, nervously.

"Well, I have an unpleasant duty to perform, and one which would be better explained indoors."

"You have a warrant for my arrest," said Whitcliffe, in a voice of almost joy; "you are a detective?"

"Now, we will not discuss the situation, Whitcliffe. You have evidently been expecting me, and, as you are not going to throw any obstacles in my way, I shall treat you as well as the rules of my profession will allow. But let me warn you that any statement you make now will be used against you at the trial."

At the word "trial" Whitcliffe turned quite pale, and—as they had by this time reached his lodgings—he almost fainted. "Mrs. Deal," he said, as the door opened to his knock, "fetch two brandies and small sodas. I have altered my plans. Bring my bill down with you at the same time."

"Beg pardon, sir; what shall I do about the dinner? I have it under weigh for yourself and cousin."

"Cousin!" whispered the detective. "I am wiring him, Mrs. Deal, not to come to-day; the fact is, I have urgent business in London (the detective smiled), which will require me taking the 1.20 train."



At the Police Station.—The Clerk Takes Particulars of the Charge.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Sanger" (again the detective smiled); "but I hope, sir, you will come again next year when you have your holidays. You have been such a quiet and obliging visitor," and Mrs. Deal, looking somewhat suspiciously at Mr. Whitcliffe's "friend," led to fetch the refreshments.

As the iron drew near to Waterloo, Henry Whitcliffe, who had maintained a hearty spirit on the journey, and talked freely with his companion, asked if he had any idea as to the amount he had been charged with embezzling.

"£5,000, or thereabouts, I believe is the sum."

"Yes, it would come to that altogether."

"Of course, you might have known that you would be discovered. If you had confessed to the firm before leaving, it might not have gone so hard with you as it will now."

Whitcliffe acknowledged the fact, and inwardly cursed the day his eyes met the woman.

"She played me false, didn't she?" asked Whitcliffe.

"Turned quite round on you, and others as well; but they have bolted, and it will take all our wits to catch them."

"Is there a warrant out for Turner?"

"Yes, on half-a-dozen separate charges. Do you know where he is?"

"I have not the slightest notion. He frequents the Club."

"Oh, he has not been seen there since you left Ward, Lock, and Stone. Perhaps you may meet him in the future. But here is Waterloo, Whitcliffe. Keep your heart up, and go through the biz like a man."

But when the son of the Putney squire put his foot on the stone steps that led to the police-station, he paused as if his heart had suddenly ceased to beat, and he cried, "Oh, God! has it come to this?"

Not far away—unknown to the prisoner—was a woman, dressed in gay attire, who watched the two men enter the police-station. "That is the last of that fool!" she exclaimed, laughing heartily.

Do not be so sure, madame. You will meet him again, when your conscience, now seared by the iron of shame, will thrust forth the anathemas of God and spoil your feast of pleasure and your night of sin.

(To be continued.)

## FIRST STEPS.

A Voice from a Convict.

An article in one of our recent War Cry's named a number of vices, and called them the devil's tools. One of them was gambling. I would like to go back to first steps in gambling, which are cards and pool. Many young men enter a game of pool honestly, believing that they will never be induced to gamble. It was so with me, and it has brought trouble upon trouble to me and



## II.—THE ROMANS.

Chapter XLVII.—Continued.

VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

Gratian felt that he alone could not cope with the dangers that beset the Empire, and his brother was still a child; so he gave the Eastern Empire to a brave and noble Spanish General, named Theodosius, who was a Catholic Christian, and baptized, and who made peace with the Goths, gave them settlements, and took their young men into his armies. In the meantime, Maximus was getting more and more powerful in Britain, and Gratian, who chiefly lived in Gaul, was disliked by the soldiers, especially for making friends with the young Gothic chief Alaric, whom he joined in hunting in the forests of Gaul in a way they thought worthy of an Emperor. Finding that he was thus disliked, Maximus crossed the Channel to attack him. His soldiers would not march against the British legions, and he was taken and put to death, utterly ignominiously. Finding that he was thus disliked, Maximus crossed the Channel to attack him. His soldiers would not march against the British legions, and he was taken and put to death, utterly ignominiously.

Young Valentinian went on reigning at Milan, and Maximus in Gaul. This last had become a Christian and a Catholic in name but without laying aside his ferocity and cruelty, so that when some heretics were brought before him, he had them put to death, entirely against the advice of the great saint and Bishop then working in Gaul, Martin of Tours, and likewise of St. Ambrose, who had been sent to Valentinian to make peace with the Gallic tyrant.

It was a time of great men in the church, and in Africa a very great man had risen up, St. Augustine, who, after doubting long and living a life of sin, was drawn to the truth by the prayers of his good mother, Monica, and when studying in Italy, listened to St. Ambrose, and became a hearty believer and maintainer of all that was good. He became Bishop of Hippo in Africa.

But with the good there was much of evil. All the old cities, and especially Rome, were full of a strange mixture of Christian show and heathen vice. There was such idleness and luxury in the town that hardly any Romans had hardihood enough to go out to fight their own battles, but hired Goths, Germans, Gauls, and Moors; and these learned their ways of warfare, and used them in their turn against the Romans themselves. Nothing was so much run after as the games in the amphitheatres. People rushed there to watch the chariot-races, and went perfectly wild with eagerness about the drivers whose colors they wore; and even the gladiator games were done away with by Christians, although these sports were continually preached against by the clergy, and no really devoted person would go to the theatres. Much time was idled away at the baths, which were the place of talk and gossip, and where there was a soft, steamy air, which was enough to take away all manhood and resolution. The ladies' dresses were exceedingly expensive and absurd, and the whole of living was so sumptuous and helpless in the times of heathenism. Good people tried to live apart. More than ever became monks and hermits; and a number of ladies, who had been married to sons of St. Jerome's teaching, made up a sort of society at Rome, which busied itself in good works and devotion. Two of the ladies, a mother and daughter, followed him, the Holy One, and dwelt in a convent at Bethlehem.

Maximus, after a time, advanced into Italy, and Valentinian fled to ask the help of Theodosius, who came with an army, defeated and slew Maximus, and restored Valentinian, but on a short time, for the poor youth was soon murdered by a Frank chief in his own service, named Arbogastes.

(To be continued.)

"Oh, what a laughing-stock to hell is a light, frivolous, loose, lawless professor! I say, what a shame and puzzle to the angels in heaven, and what a supreme disgust to God!"—Mrs. Booth.

## From Alaska to Vancouver

During a terrific Northern blizzard on the evening of the fifteenth of January, I stepped on board the S. S. Cottage City, which was to convey me away from place and people I had learned to love so dearly.

Owing to the severity of the storm we did not leave till the morning of the seventeenth. The trip was a rough one, and I suffered with sea-sickness, but despite it all I enjoyed the trip.

A number of natives were aboard on their way to Sitka, and as I mingled with them inquiring about their spiritual welfare, I found one quite ill and in inquiry found he was a comrade in arms from Saxman, where he reports there are fifty good S. A. soldiers, all natives; thus you see the good work goes on. You may rest assured I did what I could for the sick brother, physically and spiritually, and something was said and done for the Master amongst the others as well.

### At Sitka

We landed at Sitka near noon of the 18th, and immediately took the sick brother to the Sitka Mission Hospital, Dr. B. K. Wilbur, the physician in charge, after examining the patient, decided that he was suffering from a contagious disease, (chicken pox) and consequently could not be admitted to the hospital. I might say here that the main object of the hospital is to provide for the sick of the Training School, which is under the care of "The Woman's Board of Home Missions" of the Presbyterian Church, but the work is not limited to this, as native adults or children are received at any time. However, arrangements were made for our sick man in a private house, Dr. Wilbur kindly tendering his services.

Though suffering from that dreadful sea-sickness, I was determined to make use of the few hours at my disposal and called at the gaol; it was not a day on which visitors were admitted, but through the courtesy of the United States Marshall, and after stating it was for his spiritual welfare only, I was admitted.

### To See Jim Hanson.

He was pleased to see me; he is looking remarkably well, and in reply to my enquiry, he said, "I am happy and trusting in Jesus;" his faith unshaken even in adversity; God bless him.

I met several of our Skagway native converts, who are now living at Sitka, and a number of others who are interested in our work. I should have enjoyed being with them a couple of weeks and help push the battle along. Meetings are held every night; by our Presbyterian friends four nights in the week, and our soldiers and Peniel Mission Workers the remaining nights; all working in harmony and unity. I had the pleasure of attending one meeting, which I enjoyed

very much. I also called on the Superintendent of the Training School, who kindly showed me the different departments at work. I was also shown through the Sheldon Jackson Museum, which contains a large and interesting collection of

### Alaskan Curios

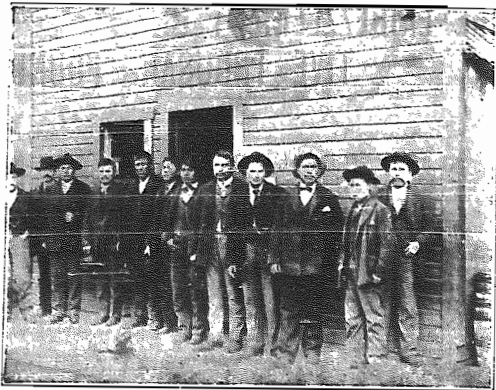
and mementoes of old Indian customs, given to the Museum by the converted natives, who gave up their old customs to follow Jesus. Praise Him.

Leaving Sitka, we touched at Killisnoo, Juneau, Douglas, Ketchikan, and Wrangle; at all of these places there is a great work to be done.

At Wrangle, though I had only forty-five minutes, I called on Sister Miller of the Peniel Mission, who is doing a noble work. After a few minutes she informed me that one of our native soldiers from Jackson had been brought to town with a broken limb. Brother Johnson came with me and I called on him, talked and prayed with him, and left him cheered, strengthened, and trusting fully in God.

Everywhere the cry was, "Is there an officer coming?" May God answer their prayers; there is truly work for more than one.

At transhipped at Victoria, I had the pleasure of attending a meeting, and meeting Esenien and Mrs. Cummings and comrades. I landed at Vancouver, and as you are no doubt kept fully informed as to the good work being done here, anything I could say would be superfluous, so will close by subscribing myself as your Skagwayite correspondent and comrade.—H. N. McNaughton.



The Indians Implicated in the Murder of the Hortons.

spirit upon us, and ere the day was over our faith was rewarded. The Colonel's original and forefearl wry of putting the truth in connection with the three splendid addresses that he delivered during the day was made of great blessing to all concerned.

Monday, some business was trans-

The Colonel's talk on the Monday evening, which concluded this special series of meetings, was pronounced by a number of his hearers to be the best that they had listened to for years.

The crowds were blessed and inspired, and everybody would be delighted to see the Colonel and Major come back for another visit to Bowmanville in the near future.

In all, eight men and women gave themselves to God and found deliverance.

## LISGAR STREET SPECIALS.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon Visit Lisgar Street.

The meetings on Saturday night, Sunday morning, and afternoon were conducted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon, while the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs took hold of the reins at night. Some very hot truths were poured into the ranks of Satan; as a result, four souls came to the mercy-seat.

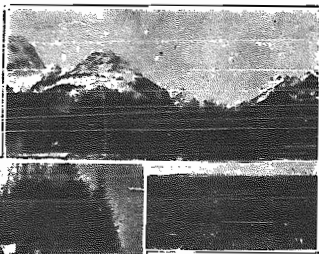
This finished a series of two weeks' meetings which had been conducted at Lisgar St. During that time the crowds have increased, much interest has been awakened, souls have been saved, and soldiers inspired to a more desperate warfare.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton also assisted in the meetings on Sunday.

Ensign and Mrs. Sims have a good hold of this place and there is every prospect of great things being accomplished during the Siege.

Devil, debt, doubt, death, deceit, don't be dreading, dirt, disease, drink, despair, and damnation are all relatives from the lower regions.

The Place of the Murder.



Searching for the Bodies of the Victims.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT BOWMANVILLE.

A Successful Three Days' Campaign—Eight Men and Women Consecrate Themselves to God.

For several days considerable interest centred around the coming visit of Colonel Jacobs and Major Turner to Bowmanville, and everybody was looking forward to a treat in connection with the coming visit.

Promptly at 7:30 a.m. the Chief Secretary was on hand ready for the open-air. On our return from the march we found at the barracks a nice crowd waiting to greet the Colonels.

After a few preliminary remarks, Sergeant Lawyer Galbraith read an address of welcome, assuring the Colonel and Major Turner of the loyalty of the Bowmanville Corps to God, the Flag, and the General, also gratefully acknowledging the good work of the officers.

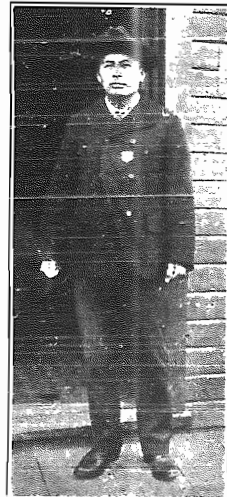
On behalf of the Colonel, the Major replied suitably to the above, thanking the soldiers and friends for their hearty wishes. The Saturday night meeting was a real "free-and-easy", followed by some hard hitting truths by the Colonel. We closed the day looking forward for a big day on the morrow.

Sunday all day God came near to us. In the knee-drill our prayers went up to God that He might pour out His

ancted in the morning. In the afternoon quite a crowd assembled for another holiness meeting conducted by the Colonel. This meeting was made a great blessing to all.



Justice and Mercy. Unstake in this building the murder trial took place; in the war may be seen part of the Salvation Army barracks, in which Jim Hanson got converted.



Jim Hanson.

The saved murderer, condemned to death, but pardoned by President McKinley. Jim Hanson voluntarily confessed his crime after his conversion.



# Every-Day & Religion.

BY THE GENERAL.

## ABOUT FOOD.

3. A MAN OR A WOMAN'S FOOD HAS MUCH TO DO WITH THEIR ABILITY TO SING, AND PRAISE, AND BELIEVE, AND TALK.

A hearty meal of the plainest food, or a small quantity of rich viands, will make my brain feel like a log of wood, and render speaking an absolute torture. I have no doubt that it is so, more or less, with numbers of speakers, who are either ignorant of the fact, or too fond of the knife-and-fork business to curb their appetites for the sake of their duty.

4. EATING AND DRINKING HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH THE SHORTENING OF MANY PEOPLE'S LIVES. Drunkenness is charged with the destruction of an enormous number of people, but I very much question whether more folks do not die of over and unwise eating than of over-drinking. I have made that remark again and again in the presence of many physicians of eminence in their profession, but not one of them ever called it in question; on the contrary, the bulk of them have assented to it.

Can I advise in the matter of what is taken in the shape of food? First of all I would say—

1. MAKE A CONSCIENCE OF THE MATTER. What a number of individuals I have known, during my life-time, who, though they would not on any account sin against their neighbor by injuring his person, regularly sin against their own bodies by eating and drinking what they know will injure them!

But it is asked, "What must we eat and drink?" This question is preceded by another of equal or greater importance, and that is, "What shall we avoid?" I answer:—

1. DON'T TAKE ANY INTOXICANTS. I need not say this to Salvationists, nor need I give any reason for saying it; and yet I will call your attention to two or three:—

(a) You will not be any the better for using them.

(b) You may be a great deal worse

for taking them in moderation. They may create the appetite for drinking to excess.

(c) If you could take them in moderation, there may be children in your home who will imbibe, at your table, a taste for the little drops that may carry them to the drunkard's grave, and to the drunkard's hell.

I am sure you could not, in any shape or form, drink the stuff that brings so much sin and misery to the world. So, no intoxicants on any condition whatever!

2. NO TOBACCO IN ANY FORM, whether smoked, snuffed, or chewed.

3. NO OPIATES, whether in drops, drafts, pills, or smoke.

4. NO CHEWING OF SWEET-MEATS—that is, as a habit. The little children may have a few peppermints and the like now and then. But boys and girls, men and women, should put away childish things.

5. I WOULD SAY NO PICKLES OR OTHER FANCY CONDIMENTS, anyway, as few as possible. This list embraces mustard, pepper, and a long catalogue of other things so commonly taken to whet the appetite.

6. DON'T EITHER EAT OR DRINK ANYTHING, HOWEVER PALATABLE, OR STRONGLY RECOMMENDED, OR COMMON ITS CONSUMPTION MAY BE, WHICH YOU HAVE REASON TO FEAR WILL NOT AGREE WITH YOU.

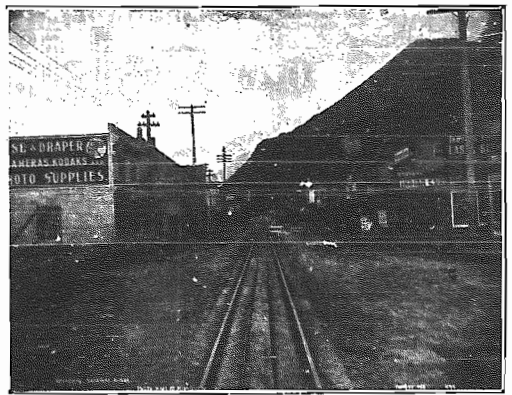
### WHAT MAY BE TAKEN.

1. Coffee, tea, cocoa, or other hot drinks—but only in moderation. Tea is the safest of the catalogue, and will be found adapted to the largest number of constitutions. Anyway, this applies to European and the other nationalities that have sprung from the same stock, however it may suit the Asiatics and the denizens of other similar climates.

2. Animal food should be eaten once a day only. There are multitudes who would be wiser, stronger, holier, and happier without meat altogether.

3. But counselling people what to do, and what not to do, when their palates are concerned, is a most unprofitable business, and next door to useless. Nevertheless, there is one piece of advice, given many years ago by an eccentric old doctor to a patient in reply to the query, "What can I eat?" that I will pass on. "Well," said the doctor, "the fender and fire-irons would not suit you, so don't take them; but you can take anything else that you can digest, only take it in moderation."

The quantity of food has almost as much to do with the benefit derived from it, or in injury inflicted by it, as the



Broadway, Skagway, Alaska. (From photo taken at midnight.)

quality. Instead of everlastingly finding fault with the food, and changing from one thing to the other, it would be a good plan to see how you could get along with only half the quantity usually taken.

(To be continued.)

"What is the world dying for?—downright, straightforward, honest, loving, earnest testimony about what God can do for souls. That is what those poor men in the shops, those walking up and down the streets, in the theatres, in the dancing saloons, in the concert rooms—everywhere, that is what men want; somebody to come and take them lovingly by the collar, and tell them that God is God, and that He can save them."—Mrs. Booth.

"Are you guilty of blasphemy? If so, don't forget that while you may be thoughtless and gay about your work, that if unforgiven, every moment you are drifting, drifting, drifting to an awful doom; that you have insulted God and broken His law; that you have brought upon your soul the guilt of sin and the righteous wrath of Him Whom you thus have wronged, and that you have invited a fearful penalty which your soul must meet and suffer for ever and ever, unless you repent and leap into the life boat of salvation."

## "Go for the Worst."

(To our frontispiece.)

The winged words of the General contain the commission which Christ gave to His church, to seek those that are lost. If the world is going to be saved, it can only be done by going for the worst men and turning them by the unlimited power of God into living assets of Heaven.

The bog of sin and crime, stagnant, and filled with the hideous creatures of darkness and filth, lies in the way of the world, and legions of men and women are sinking in it to-day. The rich in their seclusion drive past it and never see it; the noise of their carriage wheels drowns the cry of despair. Others in their self-sufficient morality have no occasion to go near the bog of iniquity to understand its terrible nature. The self-righteous hold up their skirts so as not to defile their garments, and say in the consciousness of their superiority, "It serves these people right to perish; why do they venture near it?" The fatalists say, "It is a pity that these people suffer so much, and must ultimately perish," and look on with hands in their pockets. The sentimental people shriek hysterically and cry, "Is there no help for these poor wretches?" while they wring their hands.

### Our Business is to ACT.

Go down to the very edge of the bog, reach out your hand, and haul the sinking sinners from the depths of their degradation onto the firm foundation of Salvation in Christ. Let us ACT then, and not only talk and sing about it. Sinners are sinking; souls are drifting; time is passing; opportunity is before you NOW to do.

"Go for the worst." There is a great deal of looking for the "nice" sinners; the congenial persons; those who look fairly respectable and are likely to give well in the collection, and otherwise will be "a credit" to the corps. This is the human side of looking at things. But to our own heart there is a greater satisfaction in seeing hold of a worthless, shiftless, outcast, shunned, despised, and almost damned soul and turning him by the power of Christ into a sober, industrious, respected and useful man. And in the ledgers of Heaven, those cases of conversion count much to our good in the Profit and Loss account of this world.

"Go for the worst," because if the Salvation Army will leave them alone then who will seek to save them? We are the only friends they often have; if we give them the "cold shoulder" their last hope in man is gone, and they sink without remedy.

Let this Siege be indeed a delivering of the lost.



SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

# our Soldier's page

## MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS.

Orion and the Pleiades  
Among the constellations shroud;  
They have proclaimed for centuries  
Their great Original—divine.

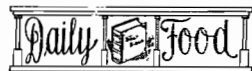
I watch them from my window now,  
And think of that most wondrous King  
Who died for us so long ago,  
That we below His praise might sing.

Yes, He Who formed the stars above,  
Came down for mortal man to die;  
To save from sin, to show His love,  
He left His home beyond the sky.

The countless worlds are held in  
place,  
And guided by His hand alone;  
Through all the boundless realms of  
space,  
Creation sways, His power to own.

Yet, though He rules the universe,  
He, for a time, made earth His home;  
His sacrifice removed the curse,  
And we no more in exile roam.

Elsie M. Graham.



## SUNDAY.—Psalm 1.

How vividly the two ways—upward  
and downward leading—are contrasted.  
Men do not intend to go deeply  
into sin, but they WALK in its way;  
soon they STAND and embrace it,  
and they finish up with SITTIN'  
down with the will to the feast of  
death. The righteous are like a tree,  
with roots deep down to tap the water  
ever present in the ground level with  
the river. Such a tree has always  
nourishment to grow, and spread, and  
prosper.

## MONDAY.—Psalm 11.

The Kingdom of Christ will prevail  
against all rudeness and obstacles. The  
gentleness and enduring of suffering  
will overcome all crude forces. As  
the spiritual will dominate the material,  
so those who follow Christ in  
simplicity of will, will prevail and  
overcome all that may endeavor to  
obstruct their onward march. Those  
in responsibility (kings and judges)  
are cautioned to be wise, else is the  
confidence of their present power, they  
forget that they are also subject to  
the judgment of the Great Judge of  
man.

## TUESDAY.—Psalm 111.

The Psalmist tasted the depth of  
affliction when he fled from his son,  
who had usurped his place. Indeed,  
there are many who are ready to say  
when we are in the lowest place of  
humiliation, "There is no help for him  
in God," yet the friend of God will  
not despair, but look with confidence  
towards the promised deliverance in  
His own time.

## WEDNESDAY.—Psalm 119.

Now David has been restored to  
complete trust. He wants his enemies  
and looks to His God. Whatever good  
or evil men may do to us will pass,  
but God's curses and blessings will  
endure. Trusting in Him, we need not  
worry, but can "dwell in safety."

## THURSDAY.—Psalm 137.

David directs us to sincere and fervent  
prayer. There is no doubt but  
that the enemies of Christ will not  
prosper. For a time they may press  
us hard with temptations and afflictions,  
but they will flee. Devils fear  
and fly before the name of Jesus.

God's favor is a shield against the  
most severe and sustained temptations.

## FRIDAY.—Psalm 141.

In some distress and suffering, we  
have One Who will and can fully  
sympathize with us. To Him let us  
retire with our sorrow and find consolation.  
Sinners may sue for our religion  
and suggest other relief, but by faith  
in God we should turn from their counsel,  
for God will surely answer prayer.

## A Letter from the General

TO

### \* OUR SOLDIERS. \*

#### MY DEAR COMRADES.—

If I were asked what is the great  
need of the Salvation Army of to-day,  
I should without hesitation say a  
mighty BAPTISM of

#### CELESTIAL FIRE.

I am looking for it. Sometimes it  
seems as though I could feel the hot  
breath of the coming conflagration,  
but perhaps that universal downpour  
of Holy Flame will not be yet. Of  
one thing, however, I am quite sure,  
my dear Comrades, and that is, that  
you need the Fire in your Corps, and  
I am equally certain that you can  
have it.

What your condition is I do not  
know. You may be already up to the  
boiling point, or you may be down to  
lawdoven like warmness, or you may  
be as cold as the North Pole. But if  
you are hot, you can do with a little  
more heat; if you are lukewarm, you  
must be longing for the Holy Spirit to  
warm your poor languid hearts; and if  
you are cold, I am sure you will wel-  
come the chance of having the Holy  
Flame again kindled in your midst.  
Oh, seek the Fire!

1. CONSIDER MY COMRADES,  
WHAT THE BAPTISM OF FIRE  
WILL DO FOR THE SOLDIERS OF  
ANY CORPS. To begin with, it will  
burn up—

The Pride that keeps God away  
from their hearts.  
The Bad Temper that makes them  
and everybody else around them mis-  
erable.

The Wranglings that destroy the joy  
of their Meetings.

The Jealousies that hinder their an-  
nouncement working.

The indifference that allows them to  
look with unconcern at kindred and  
neighbors going down to Hell.

The Unbelief that prevents the co-  
operation of the Holy Ghost.

Oh, my Comrades, seek the purifying  
dame!

2. THEN, REMEMBER THAT  
THIS FIRE WILL CREATE, IN THE  
HEARTS OF OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS  
ALIKE, A FLAME OF  
BURNING LOVE. It will make your

Hot with Love to Him Who has loved  
you with an everlasting Love.

Hot with Love to your Captain, and  
nake him hot with Love to you in re-  
turn.

Hot with Love to one another. Oh,  
how precious will be your heavenly  
friendship!

Hot with Love to poor Sinners and  
Backsliders. You will feel that you  
must have them saved or your heart  
will break.

#### WHAT HOT LOVE WILL DO.

3. THIS BURNING LOVE FOR  
GOD AND YOUR COMRADES WILL  
MAKE—

HOT FAITH. Dismal doubt will fly  
and Believing will be as easy as  
breathing.

HOT TALKING. When the heart is  
on Fire, burning words will be spok-  
en.

## SATURDAY.—Psalm 111.

Misunderstandings need not sorely  
distress us. God knows us,  
and fully beholds our integrity. Let  
others doubt, or be suspicious, or  
falsely accuse us, God will undertake  
our defence. No Christian need be  
alarmed when at a loss how to ap-  
pear in the correct light to all men.  
Your reputation is in God's hands,  
along with your consecrated body,  
soul, and spirit. If you are His fully,  
He will keep your character clean,  
though men may hector your name.

Find a fresh Open-Air stand, change  
the Hour of the Meeting; anyway,  
start some new Measures that will  
make men take notice of you.

10. Invite all the Backsliders you  
can find to your Meetings, and when  
they are there be sure and pray for  
them, and try to get them saved.

11. Visit the Sinners in their Homes.  
If you cannot call on many, call on  
some. Never mind having called be-  
fore, call again. See how the Hawker  
calls again and again at the same  
house until he finds a customer.

12. Strive to get the Holy Spirit  
down in every Meeting, and never be  
satisfied without succeeding.

13. Go on—on till God comes in  
mighty power. He will not disap-  
point you if you are sincere and obedi-  
ent, and do all you can to gain the  
desired success.

14. Go down now, my comrades,  
and pray that God will give you the  
beginning of a fiery Baptism before  
you rise.

## →\*Picked Up.\*←

Religion may be learned on Sunday,  
but it is lived in the week-day's work.  
The torch of religion may be lit in the  
church, but it does its burning in the  
shop and on the street.

## Seeing God.

"The life of holiness finds its strength  
and beauty in the vision of God. To  
know God is life eternal. By faith in  
Christ and by the grace of the Holy  
Ghost, we have received that spiritual  
life which sees God, and hears His  
voice, and loves Him, and speaks to  
Him with trustful boldness as our Fa-  
ther. To know more of God, is to grow  
in holiness, and hidden heart commu-  
nion with God is the hidden road to  
this knowledge."—Mark, my Pearce.

## Straining at a Gnat.

A Scotch correspondent relates that  
one Sunday he called at a cottage in the  
South of Middlesex, and requested a  
measure of milk, which was promptly  
handed him. He offered to the woman  
who attended his wants a few coppers,  
but she curtly responded:  
"I cannot tak siller on a Sawbath!"  
He thanked her, and was turning a-  
way, when she whispered:  
"Mon, ye can drop the baabees in that  
tub w' the graith (soap-suds) in't. I'll  
get them oot the morn!"

## Late Vengeance.

On one occasion a sailor, meeting a  
Jew, began, without any preliminary ex-  
planation, to beat him most unmercifully.  
The indignant Israelite, as soon as  
he had recovered the breath the sailor  
had knocked out of him, asked Jack  
for the why and wherefore of his un-Christian  
proceeding.

"Why, for stoning St. Stephen," said  
the sailor.

"Oh! mein goodness," screamed the  
Jew, "dod habbed two towney years  
ago!"

"I don't care if it did," replied Jack;  
"I've only just heard of it."

## The Road to Happiness.

There is a sure way to find happiness:  
that is, to seek the good of others and  
forget self. Do duty for Christ's sake.  
Minister His life to all around you. Let  
self die, crucified on His cross. Let  
Christ live in your heart. And happi-  
ness, no longer coy and elusive, will  
come like a bird to her nest, and make  
your heart her home.

There is a sure way to miss it, and  
that is to seek it for ourselves. Happi-  
ness sought is too elusive. A moment  
after we think we have her, she is gone;  
and there are many deceivers who par-  
ade in her stolen garments.—Signs of  
the Times.

## WHERE HAVE YOU WATCHED JESUS?

By BRIGADIER SCOTT.

(Continued from last week.)

Have you watched Him THERE?

Watched Him, not with curious eyes full of criticism and hatred, the outcome of a bad heart. No, no! but full of pity, full of sympathy, full of compassion, full of love and admiration for your dying Lord and Master. Watched Him suffer and die for the salvation of the whole world.

Come near, my brother and sister, and see your beloved Master die, see those thorns pierce His brow, see the blood trickle down His beloved face. How hard and sharp those thorns are, how they pierce His gracious head and add to the sorrows of His last moments.

Sing with me—  
"Crowned with thorns, I see Thee.

As Thy friends all leave Thee,  
Bleeding, with a broken heart,

For sins that I have done,  
Crowned with thorns, I see Thee,

None near to relieve Thee,  
Lying on the cross alone—  
For me, the guilty one."

Watch the soldier pierce His side. See how the water and blood flow from His risen side—flow for you, flow for me, flow for all the world. Hallelujah, for

### All the World!

You have heard Him cry, "I thirst," seen His agonized, His sorrow, witnessed His grief, heard Him say, "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani: that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. xxvii, 46).

Seen those pierced hands and feet, seen that cross raised up His bruised body, seen His peaceful patience and suffering. Watched Him die—died—some say, of a broken heart. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Christ!

See from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or arms embrace so rich a crown?

He died, my brother, my sister, my comrade, all for you. Do you feel it hard at times, hard to follow, hard to keep up your end, hard to say, "Thy will be done"? Then remember Calvary, and gaze upon Him Who "endured the cross."

It may be that your heart and spirit at times get cold and hard, without feeling, and without that warm love throbbing, and thrilling your soul. Then, my beloved comrade, come—and gaze upon Jesus—and see the cross.

Temptations will come, must come, this side of heaven—temptations to give up, to forsake Him, to lay down the cross, to put up your sword. When such moments come, bring yourself to Calvary—and sing—

"Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!

Where Jesus shed His blood for me;

Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!

Speak to my heart from Calvary."

Sing it again and again. Watch Him die, and say, "They were all for me—those thorns, those nails, that wounded side, that sorrow and grief were all for me. Jesus, speak to my heart from Calvary!"

Come apart awhile. Leave your work for a few moments. Let the wheels of the world's machinery stop while you visit Calvary. Spend a few moments with your crucifix. "And sitting down they watched Him there."

Oh, my comrades, you may be tried and tempted, harassed, perplexed, and surrounded by ten thousand cares and difficulties. You may even have a hard cross, a heavy cross to carry, a thorny path to tread; and yet, my comrades, not quite so hard as your Master—not a Calvary!

Remember Calvary. In your poverty, loneliness and hard fight, think of Him Who "trod the winneps' alone," "wounded for our transgressions," and "with His stripes we are healed." (Is. liii, 5.)

Al! remember Calvary! Come near and see your Lord die, and say, "It was for me!"

For Me!!

While preaching, "Behold the Lamb of God," don't forget yourself, your own heart, and try to keep up a tender heart, a pure spirit, and watch Him there until your soul cries out—

"My Lord, and my God!"

## How to Get the Spirit-Filled Life.

### THE STARTING POINT.

Ere you start, dear War Cry reader, you must needs be a B. A.—"Born again" of Our King's College. If you'd hear what God would say: Do not do as many others, lingering with a hope forlorn, Who oft say, "Is life worth living?" long before they have been BORN. If you have been born of Spirit, and are willing to be taught; If you're teachable and humble, you shall not read this for naught.

### EVERY BELIEVER'S BIRTHRIGHT.

'Tis your birth-right. This great fulness of the Spirit is for all. Who deplore their lame experience, and in faith, will heed this call. God would fill you with His fulness, and would give you power to boast. As the men who bring Revivals, controlled by the Holy Ghost. Why should we on floor be crawling, eating crumbs, and scraps of meat, When before God's bounteous table He for each has placed a seat?

### A COMMAND TO BE OBEYED.

This great blessing is not optional; if you read you'll understand, In Ephesians five, verse 18, "Be ye filled," is a command: Just as binding as the other, "Be not drunk" if you fail! One command you should the other, or your "commander" God's will. If it is a sin to tarry at the red wine's flowing cup, Surely 'tis a sin to sipper when God bids you come and sup.

### DIFFERENT FROM THE NEW BIRTH.

"Every Christian has the Spirit," some objecting Brethren say; Some may have, but not to fulness, so will have in different way. Egypt has the Nile, but only, when this river overflows Is the land of Egypt watered, as each first-form school-boy knows. So it is with Christian workers, there must first the flowing be. Ere we get the OVERFLOWING, and the "signs that follow." See? If you doubt me, search the Scriptures; in each Testament you'll find This great double-truth recorded—though some read it who are blind.

### EVERYBODY'S NEED.

Some say that this Second Blessing is but for a favored few; But this is a lie of Satan's, meant to injure such as you, Washer-woman, tinker, tailor, sought it as tinker-maker did: And they all received the Spirit—from none was this blessing hid. Fools are we, if we neglect it; and God's cause will suffer loss. For the crowds won't be attracted, as they should be, to the Cross.

### PREVENTATIVE AGAINST BACKSLIDING.

How instructive 'tis to notice that the early Christians were Anxious that their every convert should this fulness quickly share; You may read it—Acts the 19th; Acts the 9th and 17th too— And then think of modern methods, and what empty Christians do! If this custom had been followed, thousands would not have backslid, Nor from any of God's servants would this holiness be hid: But all unbelievers would teach it: no, alas! some do not see. (And they do not hide it from us) how these things can really be.

### HOW LONG BETWEEN.

Then there is this other question—how long will God wait until After I've been born of Spirit, God my soul will really fill? And the answer is recorded, telling not of weeks and days: God is ever ready for us—through Him there are no delays. Soon as life comes it may blossom into more-abundant life, And the Best of Faith be entered if for our soul is life. But just as a meal will find us, and we will not ever more. So salvation satisfies us, till its first-love joy is o'er. Then unless we seek a higher blessing than we've ever had, We become a dwarfish Christian, or our end is still more sad.

### HOW OBTAINED.

How to get it?—that's the question. Surely you must now believe That there is this second blessing; if not, you will not receive. Not that God would keep it from you, but, my friend, you must comply With some simple conditions, or the Lord will pass you by. Cleanse yourself, make full surrender, in the strength of Jesus' name; Lay your all upon the altar: then, by faith, the promise claim.

### W ONG MOTIVES.

But before you further venture will you not this warning take—All your aims must be unselfish, since your crown is now at stake. Not to give you satisfaction; not to give you peace and joy; Not to please your stubborn fancy, but your fancy to destroy; To make you a fool, it may be—make you willingly give up, All that you have cared to cherish. Tell me, will you drink this cup? As the Master, so the servant: in His way, and not your own. He will lead you, if you let Him, from the manger to the throne!

### CLEANSING.

There must, then, first be the cleansing. He that hath this hope 'tis said, Purifies unto perfection, being by the Spirit led: Just as you would cleanse a vessel ere you placed some milk inside, So you must renounce all evil, and such doubtful things as pride, Ornaments, and worldly fashions, smoking cigarettes and such— It is Satan that would whisper, "Don't be righteous overmuch!" Yet we more mistake I'll mention; cleansing cannot be the end, But the means to bring it only, ere the blessing shall descend. And, by faith, you can accomplish what, with doubt, you cannot do: If you trust God, He will give you faith, and light to use it too.

### CONSECRATION: WHAT IS IT?

Consecration follows cleansing, and it means to set apart. Fearless, for the unknown future, all the functions of the heart; In conversion God is given, but when we would consecrate, He becomes, in turn, Receiver, while we simply have to wait. Consecration means surrender, total, absolute, and true. For it says, "Present your bodies as 'tis 'reasonable' to do. Consecration means a transfer of ownership has passed away." "Not my own, but all for Jesus!" you have said it many a day. Now you have to manifest it: once for all, for good or bad, Fearing not to face the future, though your friends may deem you mad. But be sure that you are honest, lest your vows be incomplete. And you fall to find this wondrous second blessing at your feet.

### CLAIMING.

Claiming different is from asking—what is yours you simply claim—Money in a bank for instance, that has been loaned to your name. When God gives a definite promise for a definite blessing great, You, in faith, should claim fulfillment—you have not to ask or wait. Come as once you came as sinner—just as you tell others to— "Lord, now fill me! I will trust You! I believe You really do! I receive it!" Lord, I thank Thee for Thy Holy Spirit's power! Nothing wavering, I will serve Thee—Glorify!—from this very hour!"

David Copperfield.



Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton, Bermuda.

### To the Sinners and Backsliders,

here's a picture for you, something to charm and draw you from earth's toys, something to admire, to love, to serve, and to bring you to salvation, to God and heaven.

"Behold, behold the Lamb of God,

On the cross!

For you He shed His precious blood

On the cross!

Oh, you who still His love defy,

And all His grace and power deny,

Draw near and see your Saviour die

On the cross!"

Sinner, see Him die for you. Backslider, see Him die for you. Resolve to kneel at the Cross, confess your sins, forsake them, and live a true life of godliness and hope for everlasting life. Sing—

"O Lamb of God, I come!

O Lamb of God, I come!

To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,

O Lamb of God, I come!"

A young nobleman, on one occasion, saw the picture of Christ, crowned with thorns. In the midst of his pleasure his spirit troubled him, his conscience accused him of sin and selfishness, whereupon he exclaimed, "If that be true, this cannot be fabled!" and finally gave himself to Christ.

Poor wanderer, if He died for you, and suffered on the cross, is it right for you to sin against Him, to reject all His love and mercy? No, no! Then why not come to Him just as you are, just where you are, and come now? The Lord of heaven bless you and bring you to your Saviour.

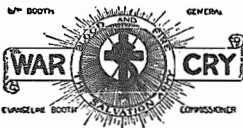
### Desperation.

"Get hold of God. Ask Him to baptize you with His Spirit until the zeal of His house eats you up." This Spirit will burn His way through all obstacles of flesh and blood, of forms, proprieties, and respectabilities—of death and rottenness of all descriptions! He will burn His way through, and produce living and telling results in the hearts of those to whom you speak; earnestness—such as that which it comes to desperation—like that of Paul's, who counted all things but dross; yea, and who counted not his life dear unto him. That was the secret."—Mrs. Booth.

### Neglected Opportunity.

"I shall never forget the agony depicted on the face of a young lady who once came to see me. My heart went out to her in pity. She told me her story. She said, 'I had a proud, ungodly father, and the Lord had converted me three years before his death, and from the very day of my conversion, I felt I ought to talk to him, and plead and pray with him about his soul; but I could not muster up courage, I kept intending to do it, and intending to do it, until he was taken ill. It was a sudden and serious illness. He lost his mind, and died unconverted, and she said, 'I have never suited since, and I think I never shall any more.'—Mrs. Booth.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail.—Confucius.



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### Important Staff Changes.

For some weeks now the air has been full of surmises in many quarters concerning the changes in high places. Brigadier Sharp, who has achieved such excellent results through his untiring and enterprising work in Newfoundland, and who is esteemed and beloved throughout the Island, leaves to take command of the Eastern Province. Major Sweeney, Controller of Finances, will temporarily take charge of Newfoundland affairs. Major Pickering also leaves an excellent record in the Eastern Province. Mrs. Pickering's health has made a change of appointment especially desirable. The Major will assume the leadership of the Central Ontario Province, and we assure him of a hearty welcome to the centre.

Major Turner, the Assistant Provincial Officer who has worked well in the Central Ontario Province under Brigadier Gaskin, and during the illness of the latter practically assumed the control of affairs, goes as full fledged P. O. to East Ontario and Quebec Province. We feel assured that his push and perseverance will earn for him success.

### Spiritual Specials.

For some time now, the Commissioner has had under consideration a plan to systematically include the whole Territory in the visits of Spiritual Specials to stimulate the corps work, assist the officers in arousing the general interest, and above all, in bringing about the salvation of souls in greater numbers, and deepening of spiritual life. For this purpose several of the Provinces have already special troops who have visited many of the corps of these Provinces with splendid results. The purpose of these Specials is purely spiritual. The Commissioner has now appointed Brigadier Pugmire as Territorial Spiritual Special. All who know the Brigadier's abilities on the platform, and have seen him manage a prayer-meeting, will at once agree with us that the appointment is a "happy hit." Brigadier Pugmire is sure to prove a great blessing to the Territory in his new capacity, and there is no doubt that his new appointment will be hailed with much satisfaction. The Commissioner will shortly appoint another Staff Officer of high rank to similar work.

### The Annual Social Report.

The Commissioner has decided that the Annual Social Report shall be published in the special Easter number of the War Cry. Instead of taking the

form of a separate pamphlet. The advantage of this decision can readily be seen. The Special Report used to be printed in editions of from three to five thousand copies per annum, and sold at the price of ten and fifteen cents each. By printing the Report in a special number of the War Cry, the edition will be about forty thousand copies, and thus make it possible to fix the price at five cents. In this manner, all our readers will receive the Annual Social Report without special cost.

The Easter War Cry promises to be a most interesting issue. The Commissioner will, of course, contribute a special article, the title of which we shall announce in the next issue. Lt. Colonel Mrs. Read will write on the various branches of the Women's Social Work. Lieut.-Col. Margretts and Staff-Capt. Archibald and others will be represented.

A cover, printed in colors, will add to the attractive contents of the enlarged issue, and altogether, the price of five cents will be found very small for our Easter number.



## SIEGE ORDERS OF THE WEEK

### The Social Branches to Assist in the Siege.

#### All Must Take the Field.

While the Siege is essentially an effort for the Territorial and Provincial Staffs, the District and Field Officers and Corps, the helpers of the Men and Women's Social Branches, including the League of Mercy, will be also called upon during the Siege to put forth such special effort for the advancement of the spiritual work in our Social Institutions as is within their power.

#### Make Shelter Corps.

Some Shelters are running a corps in connection with the Social work. One of the special efforts of the Siege should be the multiplying of the soldiers and attendance at these, a great increase of interest in the meetings being aroused. If a goodly number of the patrons of the Shelter could be converted and he made into soldiers, it would be a "God-send" in more senses than one.

The officers in charge of the Men's Social Institutions are responsible for the following:

#### Prayers Morning and Night.

To conduct at each Shelter during the Siege, morning and evening prayers with the Shelter Staff, and the men who frequent the Institution.

#### Also Special Meetings.

To arrange and carry through successfully such other special meetings as are suggested by the Provincial Officer, to whom reports must be sent weekly respecting them.

#### Women's Rescue Homes.

Every Tuesday night during the Siege a special weekly meeting is to be conducted by different officers and League of Mercy members at the various Homes, the services of the League of Mercy workers being enlisted to visit old cases who may have lapsed into wrong ways, and new girls who may be known as living lives of sin.

#### Midnight Meetings.

In cities like Halifax, St. John, N.B., St. James, S.W. Monks, Spokane, etc., midnight services should be con-

### BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AT KINGSTON.

Victorious Week-end at the Limestone City—26 Scots Sec'd Farden a-d Purly.

Conquering week-end with Adj. and Mrs. Moore and the Kingston braves—twenty-six penitents for pardon and purity. Touching scenes at the mercy-seat. Excellent congregations. Corps-Cadets and Candidates' tea and meeting was God-blessed. Six o'clock knee-drill on Sunday morning. Siege target almost assured. Hallelujah! Brigadier Pugmire.

### EASTERN FAREWELL.

#### Major Pickering's Farewell Tour a Great Success.

Cape Breton farewell campaign witnessed wonderful achievements: twelve souls; finances splendid. Four through Annapolis valley, another glorious repetition. Climax reached at Yarmouth week's end. Great crowds; fourteen souls; income superb. Universal regret expressed at the P. O.'s departure. Report following—Staff-Captain Phillips.

### Three Notes

#### From the Women's Social Department.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"Hush, then, who by Christ are freed, Hush, oh! hush the world's great need, To save the lost and blind Who need you, Forgive us, Lord, and bless."

#### Our Women Social Officers

In a recent "Deliverer," Mrs. Bramwell Booth writes as follows:—"I feel that special honor is due the Women Social Officers, for theirs is behind-the-scenes labor, without the enthusiasm and exaltation of constant public meetings, and frequent change of place. They require a most complete consecration to always work at the same mission—and they are always married and requiring to be 'made again'—to do the same thing over and over again; to live with their work night and day; to be subject to the keenest disappointments, resulting from the nature of their work, yet to keep all the time the freshest and richest of spiritual experiences."

#### Hamilton Rescue Work.

A few interesting hours were spent in Hamilton this week. It was very pleasant with the condition of everything connected with the Women's Social Department. Adjutant Beckett, the Matron, is still resting but Captains Kaine and Bell have been managing very efficiently. These officers, who also manage the League of Mercy work, have been having very blessed times in the Jail, Hospital, and Aged Peoples' Refuge. The League workers are ever welcome visitors at the Hospital and Refuge. These meetings in the Jail have been a great blessing to the prisoners. In a recent meeting conducted by Captain Bell, six out of thirteen present held up their hands for prayer and to express a wish to live a changed life. The privilege of visiting Mrs. Grizzell, the Sergeant-Major of the League. Our sister has been ill for months, but she is asked for eagerly by the men incarcerated within the prison. Mrs. Grizzell, though deprived of the opportunity of visiting the sick and unfortunate through her own suffering, is still in deep sympathy with the work and told me of her anxiety to be again in her place.

Oh, how much we need, in Hamilton and other places in the Territory, consecrated men and women to take the places of those who are wounded in the battle! Our League of Mercy work is much crippled for the lack of workers to go with Love's message to the widely-opened institutions of this country. Who will heed the need? Let us hear from YOU.

#### London Rescue Home.

"The outside girls are arranging for a welcome tea for you at their own expense." Staff-Capt. Cowan informed me soon after I arrived in London a few days ago. And a bright, attractive light met our eyes on entering the dining room. The party consisted of five or six of the inmates of the Home, were anxious to show their gratitude for and appreciation of the love that has been shown them in the dark time of sin and sorrow through which they have passed. A delightful two hours was spent in an informal tea-table meeting. They were all very pleased over the promotion of Lieut. Lambert to the rank of Captain. At the close of our little gathering three dear sisters came to the Cross.

Our London Rescue work has been wonderfully blessed under the supervision of Staff-Capt. Cowan. The Staff-Captain has been in charge five years and the Rescue work has steadily increased. Scores of girls have been restored to paths of purity and righteousness.

The friends of our Women's Social Work in the Forest City are ever ready with sympathy and practical support of the work. Dr. Hogg, the Home Physician, is unfailing in his attendance, looking after the health of our large family there daily. He has added to his numberless acts of kindness the generous gift of a new cutter, which was greatly needed.

The League of Mercy is working away faithfully in London, proving as a ray of light and brightness to those who weekly receive their light by this loving ministrations.

### MISS BOOTH "At Home" to Her Local Officers.

Friday evening the Commissioner spent a pleasant and pleasant evening with her Local Officers and the Headquarters Staff in the Council Chamber of the Temple.

A goodly number of Local Officers assembled. The "King's Orchestra" added their music to the singing and the proceedings went with a distinct harmony of thought and sympathies. The Commissioner's "brief" address was pithy, pointed, and profitable, especially to Local Officers, many of whom will more distinctly see and prize their positions.

The gathering concluded with tea and sandwiches being passed around, while the Commissioner went among her Local Officers to have a few personal words with many of them.

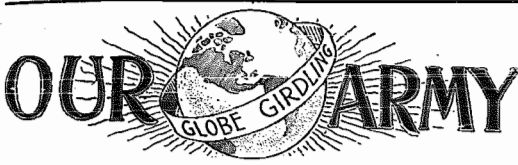
## THE COMMISSIONER

Will Conduct Special Meetings at

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO,

Sunday, March 17th, at 11 a.m., 3 and 7.30 p.m.





## UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker was to have been the guest of the Merchants' Club at Boston last week, but owing to his inability to be present, Colonel Higgins, the Chief Secretary, with Colonel Holland and Brewer, were the Army's representatives. The occasion was a unique one. The menu card was decorated with a miniature Salvation Army red band, and inside was given a beautiful picture of our beloved General. One of his dishes brought upon the table was served to each diner covered with a small Salvation Army bonnet, each perfectly made and trimmed in the orthodox fashion. The tables were decorated with the Army colors, the very flowers being selected because their blossom was either red, blue or yellow.

Nothing could have been heartier than the manner in which the Army representatives were received and the Colonization proposals listened to. Among those present were his honor the Mayor of Boston, the Speaker of the State Assembly, the President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Prof. Brookes, of Harvard University, also addressed the Club and spoke most warmly of the Army's efforts to help the poor by its Colonization plan.

It certainly was a unique sight to see these leading men of the City of Boston all going away that night holding in their hand as a memento of the occasion a small Army bonnet.

Major George Wood reports encouragingly of advances in the Hawaiian Islands. Of late our comrades there have witnessed some wonderful conversions. Lieut.-Col. French will shortly visit this "Paradise of the Pacific."

Brigadier Streeter is better, and the Commander has appointed him to take charge of the Southern Division of the Pacific Province, with headquarters at Los Angeles.

Galveston has been without a hall since the flood, but one has just been secured and the officers have things well in hand.

Small-pox has been interfering with Army operations in some of the towns of the South-western Division.

At Seattle 1, Wash., a saloon-keeper sold his business, sought salvation, and is now an earnest Salvationist.

The prison work in California is being carried on with vigor, and many encouraging conversions are the result.

For the further development of the Colorado and California Colonization Schemes it has been decided to issue thirty-year Gold Bonds to the extent of \$150,000, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, and payable half-yearly. These bonds are of the denomination of \$500 each, and provide for a first mortgage on all the Colony property, also for a sinking fund of two per cent annually. The North American Trust Company of New York has consented to act as trustee for the bond-holders.

## AUSTRALASIA.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have just completed a remarkable series of Officers' Conferences in the city of Victoria, N. S. W., which Brigadier Horskus prophesies will be the foundation of a great revival in his Province.

A great soul-saving effort, to be known as the Great Commonwealth

Campaign, has been launched by the Commandant, to last throughout March and April.

Major and Mrs. Cumming, of Java, are passing through deep waters, having lost their little son.

The Indian boys had farewell to Australia in connection with a series of meetings conducted by the Commandant, in Melbourne.

The stone-laying ceremony of the New Training Homes was announced to take place on Feb. 19th.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The General's latest week-end campaign occurred once more in London, this time in the Stratford Empire Theatre which is situated in one of the thickest artizan areas of the East-End.



## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

General De Wet and ex-President Steyn, who were reported to be cornered, have succeeded in escaping once more with a force of 1500 Boers who swam with their horses across the Orange river into the Orange River Colony. The crossing of the railway line near De Aar cost De Wet dear. He lost practically all his transport and ammunition, and about twenty prisoners, who were in rags. General Botha and a number of other commandos are operating independently, and it is again rumored that Botha is negotiating for peace. Sir Alfred Milner's journey to Pretoria is supposed to have some bearing on the question.—General French captured Scheepers' laager in the Transvaal, taking 300 prisoners and a great quantity of ammunition and cattle, also three guns.

## THE GERMAN SITUATION.

The Russian Government declares that it has occupied Manchuria only temporarily until order is restored, although it rules practically without restrictions. The Russian occupancy has not been accomplished without some fighting and occasional outbreaks.—Only recently 10,000 Russians were beaten by 10,000 bandits.—Russia is said to be endeavoring to extend its protectorate over Mongolia also, where valuable goldfields are located.—The U. S. A. is further reducing its legation in Paris.—France is said to be preparing to withdraw the greater portion of its troops, but will furnish some port, Hankow, with a permanent garrison.—Germany has recalled its Asiatic squadron and otherwise there are signs of pacification. The edicts for the punishment of the leaders of the rebellion have been executed, and a feeling of order and authority is returning.—The only alarming news has come from the province of Shansi, where two native Christians report the massacre of twenty missionaries and nine children who have been missing since October.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S BUDGET.

Ten Officers who were connected with the surrender of troops to the Boers have been dismissed from the Army.—King Edward has returned from a visit to Coblenz, Germany where his sister, the Dowager Empress Frederick, at present resides.—An-

The General was at his best, and a close observer of the Army (not an Officer) states that in his opinion, "there has seldom been a greater triumph of Salvation Army teaching and tactics, and disregard for mere conventionalities, than in connection with the three Sunday meetings."

It was a stern fight, however. While the Empire is a magnificent building, it is inconvenient for an after-meeting, the necessity of mounting the stage to get at the penitent-form adding strength to the spirit of resistance. But in the night meeting an additional penitent-form was created in the top-most gallery, and the hosts of darkness and hesitancy were completely demoralized and routed. Three thousand people crowded the hall in every part.

Bare the meeting closed eighty-five souls had sought and found salvation at the mercy-seat, making for the week-end the magnificent total of 138.

The Chief of the Staff will hold, as usual, a Corps Cadets' Camp at Hadleigh Colony, at Whitesutide. The invitation is extended to Corps Cadets within reasonable distance of London.

Commander Booth-Tucker was present at the Officers' Councils conducted by the General at Leeds and Manchester, and was greatly impressed. The General will continue these councils in London this week.

derson, of Edinburgh has discovered a new star which has just appeared in the sky.—Another fifteen million dollars have been called for at the British Parliament for war expenses.

## NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

Small-pox is prevalent in about sixty places in Michigan.—South Carolina is abolishing the species of slavery (contract labor) recently exposed.—The steel manufacturing plants of the U. S. A. have united into one gigantic trust.—"Beer and Bullets" is the heading of a report from Topeka, Kansas, where a crowd of armed men broke in and destroyed the contents of a wholesale liquor store. The policemen and the crowd exchanged shots, one man being shot.—Cuba is expected to become a protectorate of the U. S. A.—Violent shocks of earthquake are reported from St. Joseph, Mich.—Fifty miners lost their lives in a fire in a coal mine of Wyoming.—The marine engineers have declared a strike which will affect 1800 men on the Great Lakes.—The court has declared the Manitoba Prohibition bill unconstitutional, and so the people's wishes again go to the wall in favor of the liquor interest.—70,000 horses and mules have been purchased by Great Britain in the United States for the South African war at a cost of \$20,000,000.—The Welland Canal will be opened on April 22nd.—A preliminary survey has been finished by the U. S. A. to the westward to the Alaskan iron range.—A Montreal woman who used to keep six dogs was found dead from the wounds received from the brutes who had been left unattended for some time.

## MIXED MEMOS

Rinderpest is working immense destruction in the Philippine Islands. The proposal to annex Crete to Greece, made by King George, has been declined by the Powers. A British expedition into the Somali country was attacked by natives, and had 17 killed. The natives were beaten off and 150 killed. The French Chamber of Deputies and the Austrian Reichsrath have had fairly sized fistfuffs as a relief from their stiff everyday dignity of proceedings. Three thousand dock laborers have struck at Marseilles, France. Riots have occurred at Palermo, Sicily, and at Oporto, Portugal.

Our comrades in the British Isles are now in the midst of their Annual Self-Denial effort. March 2nd to 9th is to be observed as a week of prayer, and March 9th to 10th as a week of Self-Denial.

It is interesting to note that the father of Commissioner Carleton has entered upon his ninety-first year; that he is still hale and hearty, and writes a letter with firmness and legibility; and that he has been a loyal subject under five different Sovereigns—George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, while he is now upholding the character of his native land as a loyal subject of Edward VII. A fine old man!

The British Commissioner (Connors) continues to prosecute the war in his command with increased energy. He has just conducted a mighty campaign at Penze—result 50 souls.

Commissioner Cadman is still on the warpath. His late visit to Notting Hill created a great stir, and resulted in thirty souls seeking salvation and the blessing of a clean heart.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth recently conducted a meeting with the wives of our Staff Officers in London. Over 130 were present. The gathering afforded much cheer and encouragement to those present.

## Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner will conduct a special campaign at the Temple on Sunday the 17th inst. This will be preceded by a united Soldiers' meeting on the 15th inst. A great spiritual outpouring is assumed, and when these meetings are over the regretted disappointment of last month, occasioned by our leader's illness, will be forgotten.

The eighth edition of the Canadian Song Book is now on the press.

Plans for new buildings at Ottawa and Brantford have been passed by the Commissioner and building operations will commence at an early date.

Many of our readers will remember the picture of a most emaciated lady, sitting on a Shum Officer's lap, which appeared in a recent issue of the War Cry. The child was given up by the doctors, and was considered a hopeless case. It was, therefore, sent to a home for the dying, where it might spend the few remaining days of its life in comfort, and die in peace. This, however, it has sensibly refused to do, and has steadily been growing stronger, until at last it has become so lively and happy that its kind guardians are sorry to have to part with it.

Dr. Hogg, of London, is a staunch friend of our work. He gives his medical services gratuitously to the Women's Social work and has just donated a new enter to the Rescue Home.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave have removed their headquarters at Spokane to a more convenient and economical place.

Our Social work at Spokane was seriously hindered by the breaking-out of two cases of typhoid in the Shelter. After fumigation, etc., the place is, however, pronounced free from infection.

Mrs. Major Hargrave has been sick with rheumatic neuralgia.

Our work at Rossland is crippled by the mining depression. The mines are not working full time and the financial side of things is hard.

"God has made you responsible, not for delivering the truth, but for GETTING IT IN—getting it home, fixing it in the conscience as a red-hot iron, as a bolt straight from the throne; and He has placed at your disposal the power to do it, and if you do not stir it, BLOOD will be upon your skirts! Oh, this gentle way of putting the truth! How God hates it!"—Mrs. Booth.

## SCRAPS FROM THE SKREENA.

The Salvation Army Village Developing—  
School House is Being Built—Cows are  
Much Needed—Doors in Abundance  
—Salvation is Spreading.

Glen Cowell, Upper Skeena,  
January 12th, 1901.

By the time you receive this it may be nearly summer and quite warm, as our mail service is, to say the least, slow and uncertain, but if it should be out of date, and you suffer from the heat, it may read you off a little to hear that it is here about 70° below zero. I have just returned home from a visit, and found everything as expected—ice and frozen as solid as a stone; but a hot fire is doing its work softening things up a bit. There is a ball of ice in the centre of the ink-stand yet, but I manage to get the pen in between it and the glass.

The people have built me a nice house. I have four rooms furnished with new and ancient furniture. We are building a school at present, but I am not sure. The people do not know much about farming yet, and I desire very much to teach them what little I know in practice and theory in that line. We need a lot of very much, and I hope some of the rich farmers who hardly know the number of their cattle, will take pity on us, and send up a few to start the ranch with. We have scarcely anything to eat, does so far; each family keeps from three upwards, without milk. I have restricted myself to one; it bears the good name of Robinson Crusoe fame, "Friday." All the hauling up here in the winter time is done by dogs, so they are not kept for fun only.

The land around our village is very good, and could support far more people than the number which is here. With the exception of me and all the people in this little town are Indians, and speak the Kikishian language. I find it hard to learn, and yet, for the time I have been at it, I do not believe I am far behind anybody. The people are very happy, and so far as the cows are, the Salvation Army suit them to a T. They make very good and earnest soldiers, considering what little they know. Quite a few have been saved this winter, fourteen persons in one meeting.

I myself am very happy and quite at home amongst them now. God has blessed us in every way, and I would gladly give the balance of my lifetime to help the Indians, spiritually and otherwise.

Yours sincerely,  
J. P. Thorildson,  
Ensign.

## The Dynamic Quartette.

Staff-Capt. Stanvon with the Quartette at  
Collingwood—Meaford Visited—Seven-  
teen Forward—A Mother, with her  
Two Sons, Seeks Salvation.

"Collingwood," shouted the conductor, and in a few minutes we are making our way to the S. A. quarters by Capt. Howcroft's face is smiling as he tells us of the mighty victories she and Lieut. Peacock believe Collingwood will see in the near future. After dinner, the Capt. and we have a view of the battle ground the first night, and the shots commence to come thick and fast, and a "Long Tom" is set in position, we begin to feel somewhat of the same getting on.

"The Three hours at the Cross" brought three for the blessing. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were very special days, Staff-Capt. Stanvon being with us. This was the Staff-Captain's first visit to Collingwood in the position as Chancellor, and if first impressions count for anything, we believe the addresses given, which were both interesting and powerful, will have a lasting effect. The result of the Sunday night meeting was five souls. After the social on Monday night, Staff-Captain announced that Adj. Newman and Capt. Trickey would proceed to Meaford, while Capt. Cornish and Pynn held on at Collingwood for another week. The people were so delighted with this arrangement that it brought forth many cheers.

The Staff-Captain had a narrow escape from being hit, because the people were delighted with the results of the meetings which we find were twelve for salvation and five for the

blessing. In visiting one home, two of the inmates were dealt with about their souls and fell upon their knees. One claimed salvation on the spot, while the other cried bitterly, and in the meeting shortly after came to the penitential form. After spending the week at Collingwood, the two who remained joined the others at Meaford, where a revival was going on.

## The Week at Meaford

brought forth good results, which Ensign Lott and Capt. Crego, who are in charge, will testify to. Some of the young men were a little unruly in the meetings, but after a warning they settled down. The Town Hall was secured for the Sunday afternoon and night gratis, and Mr. Owen, the Chief of Police, kindly arranged everything for a successful series of meetings. We are sorry to say that this was the first place our meetings were interfered with by a town band. Twice after we took our stand on the street corner, instead of standing a block or two away, they came and played at our elbows. The first time we gave them the street, but the second time we held our ground. A lively chorus, led off with one or two chorists, assisted by the big drum, several the glorious, and singing by the others (many of them new converts) made things interesting. It was not our desire to do this, but when this thing is persisted in, we found more than one way of causing a sensation and bringing the people to the open-air. The crowds



The Dynamic Quartette at Orillia, with Officers in Charge of Corps, Capt. Kivell and Capt. Wilson.

soon lined the streets on both sides, and we fired some Gospel shots. A good number came inside.

Sunday night conviction took hold of the people. Just before the prayer meeting a solo was sung: "I have pleasure in His service," then it was asked that all those present whose experience was, "I HAD pleasure in His service," should stand. Several stood with sad hearts, having once enjoyed the pleasure found in a Christian's life. When the prayer-meeting began, a couple of young men, followed by seven others, came to the Mercy-seat. It was a touching sight to see a lady and her two sons kneeling together in prayer. The glorious victory. Monday night was our farewell meeting, and we charged all to be faithful. A rig is at the door, and we are off for Owen Sound—N. R. T.

"Repeat ye, therefore, and be convicted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."—Acts iii. 19.

"There is light for the steps of the bold and courageous—increasing light if followed at all risks. There is a path that is straightforward. There may be difficulties in it, but fervent faith, and the flashings of the sword of truth, will make them vanish away, for they are only as so many shadows to the eye of faith. Confident and sanguine of success, let us go forth conquering and to conquer."—Cathay.

## MIKE WISE AT LAST.

St. John, 1901.

Mr. Editor,—

"Ye'll see by this that I've tuk a mittie nussie this time, true it is for ye. Well, dislikin' the event, it happened like this: The firm I traveled for tuk a notion to send me tot a nu field or bizniss. So I got a letter sayin, "Kum to Toronto an prepare to go east." I did so wid alackrick, for I wanted to see Toronto and the east.

Amongst other grate things, I went round to see how yer Arme was glittin on. Toronto, where I seed it last. Dropin in tu yer barracks at Ligar St, wun nite I seed a lot o pepel makin speeches to welkum the nu officer, Mr. Sims. Ther was a fine time. Mr. Turner was ruinin the meetin, aimin at an eloquent and intellectual speech; it was enuf to make anybody feel welkum, an Mr. Sims lookt pleased.

Well, kummin up Yonge St. wun da I saw a Salvathun Kaptein wid a koll skuttle, an a big shindor up askin pepel to kontribut to the "Blak Sak Sackee," for tu luv kols for the poor. Wuzn't I struck wid admirashun? Sure yer Arme is allwiss lookin after the poor,

Mr. Parker, an I understood he was kum east tu. Wuzn't I tickled? Well, after meetin at that rate, sez I tu meself, Well, the nee-drill was grate. After sum prayer and speekin, the hogan began tu kum. Mr. Brown, danst wid George. Some folks believed, an everybody got warmed up for the daz work. Mr. Burrows klooked in a usual elaborate and eloquent manner.

But, sure, me time in Toronto was sum over, an after a daz ride on the kars, I struck Montreal on me way East. "I'll wait here a da an see me freem," sez I an sure it was a warm time for Mike. Me freem congratulated me un goun East. Mr. Pugmire left an jolt an made out it was a fine kumtun, an the further you go West the better it got. An Mr. Mrs. Williams sailed and asked Mike sum klose questions while givin him a good dinner.

An, sure, at dinner I met me freem from Vancouver, Mr. C. M. Patterson. We got tawkin, for I was interested in the West as well as the East.

"How did you like the West?" sez I. "Fine," sez he.

"Ye was ruinin the Arme Shelter there, wuzn't ye?"

"Yes, it was a fine thing," sez he, "An average of 55 men slept ther night-ly," sez he.

"I was mittie interested and inquired some more of the East, tu ara wader."

"Ye ruo a wood yard," sez I. "How did it do?"

I was nere noht down wid the answer.

"We started wid a cord of wood," sez he, "an wun on til we sold \$8,000 worth in yun year," sez he; an Mr. Patterson lookt at me wid big broad smile and big mistake. "Yer a man of bizniss," thinks I, and shakin his hand I went up street.

Mr. Pugmire askt me tu "kum tu tea," an we had a nice time. I struck for the train. Mr. Pugmire and Mr. Rorditt seed me rite off (tha ara tu kind gentlemen, sure, sir, tha ara), an I was awar fur the East, tu ara wader such as I had heard about.

After a long jurney widout any strikin events, we ara rollin into St. John. I lookt out of the kar window, tu see sum evidens or bein in a strange kumtun, but, sure, things were pretty much like wher I kum from. Ther was pepel wid klose on, an houses wid slant roofs, an a little boy ridin down hill on the back-end of his pants. Gettin out at the stashun it was a kase or "Shall we no each other there?" fur I eud see nobody I everyed before.

By-an-by a gentlemen kum up an askt if I was meself. I told him I was, an awa we went up street.

After dinner, an meetin sum freem, I heard the Arme was makin a memorie service for the Queen in the barracks. I went. It was a fine display of loyalty. The speeches was full of light an blessing, an in the good life of "Victoria the good," brot blessing to the souls in the Arme barracks.

But, sure, Mr. Editor, I seed tu much. I must stop for this time, but I'm glad I seed yer Arme in so many places, an seed it was alive, an seekin the lost, in the eye of the good and low hill on the back-end of his pants. Gettin out at the stashun it was a kase or "Shall we no each other there?" fur I eud see nobody I everyed before.

Good-nite, boss—Mike.

## I Will.

"I Can't" is often equivalent to "I won't." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" is the answer to make to God. When we are willing to go up into the waters of Jordan, or to stretch out the withered hand, God will make a way through, or give us the power to obey. "I will arise and go to my father," was obedience in the heart of the prodigal that took the first step to his father. Our "I will" to God is a resolution that covers the whole ground, irrespective of difficulties, but He meets us while yet a great way off. We take hold of the cross with an "I will," and God lifts it for us, and makes it easier than we had thought possible. The victory is gained as soon as the heart says, "I will," for God furnishes the power.

# BATTLE-BULLETS

## Blenheim.

### Five Backsliders.

Ensign Howcroft was with us for Saturday and Sunday, while the Captain went to Bridgetown. Those indomitable warriors, Adjts. Coombs and Adjts. Keaway, of Chatham fame, also came as a visit, but owing to the short time we had to announce them, and a carnival and show being on, and the Word. Five backsliders have returned since Captain Mathers took charge.—Lina Groom.

## Bonavista.

### Six Souls.

Since you last heard from us six precious souls have been added to the Mercy Seat, and on Wednesday night seven recruits took their stand for God under the flag.—Lieut. E. Bowring.

## Brampton.

### Two Souls.

On Sunday, the Brampton braves, under the leadership of Ensign Easton, assisted by Capt. Calvert and Lieut. McGregor, made a determined attack on the strongholds of sin and Satan. Hostilities commenced on Saturday, but the writer was not able to be present, so cannot report. At 11 a.m. Sunday, our forces proceeded to examine their accoutrements and prepare for the day's war. 2:30, headed by the colors, we set the devil king were alive. A lively skirmish followed at 3, and some red-hot Gospel shots were fired. From the commencement of the night's meeting we felt that the fight was on our side. The barracks were nearly filled and the people attentive, while the soldiers in good fighting trim. In the prayer meeting it seemed at first as if no one would yield, but the soldiers prayed and sang, the officers pleaded, and at last one soul left the ranks of sin; presently another, this time a sister, knelt at the feet of Jesus, and at 10 o'clock we closed with two souls.—Cand. F. Edwards.

## Brandon.

### Seven Children.

We have had a Boston Babed Beams' social and a visit from our much-loved P. O. Major Southall. Officers and soldiers came from Minnedosa, Carberry, and Souris. Lieut. Gamble sang a solo, and the following Cadet Sherrie, who is about to enter the Garrison, and who will forget Father Earl and his solo, accompanied by the violin? Capt. Glover and Lieut. Oxenbridge, of Minnedosa; Lieuts. Gamble and Cassler, and others, all helped to make it a success. Major was not able to do a great deal on account of having one of "his comforters," but his address next night, on "Let there be light," was much enjoyed by all. A number of Soldiers have been saved, besides seven children. We are looking for great things during the Siege.—Original.

## Butte.

### One Soul.

As our regular correspondent has gone to the front of the battle, I wish to say we are still pushing the S. A. war, and a few are coming to Christ. One young man, whose father and mother are soldiers in the East, came forward on Friday night. One month ago \$10 was given to five soldiers and five friends, on the talent plan, and on Tuesday evening the talent went in. They yielded \$33.50 profit, two of our friends doing \$14 each, and

one soldier \$10. We are laying our plans for the Siege. We had a powerful day last night, and some sinners so convicted they could scarcely sleep after going home.—M. Ayre, Adjts.

## Catalina.

### Believing.

We can report victory. Souls are coming to Jesus, and we are believing for good times in the future.—S. M. White.

## Comfort's Cove.

### Four Enrolled.

God is with us, and we shall not be defeated. We have increased our roll by four, and are believing for greater times in the future.—L.

## Dauphin, Man.

### Four Souls.

Since last report four souls have sought salvation, and four sanctification. God is wonderfully blessing our efforts, both in the corps and outposts. Last week we had a meeting in the country, with an attendance of sixty people. Our assistant officer, Capt. Flaws, has been very sick, but we hope to have him with us again shortly.—John Lacey, Sergt.

## Dog Bay.

### Four Souls.

We started on Friday morning at eight o'clock on our trip to Dog Bay, sixteen miles from Herring Neck. At four o'clock we reached Mr. Frazer's house, at Bayley's Cove, who treated us very kindly. The next morning we started for Dog Bay, and arrived there at twelve o'clock. We held four meetings amongst this happy crowd, and saw four souls saved. Hallelujah!—J. F. Downey, Capt.

## Freeport.

### New Officers.

We arrived in Freeport on Friday, after driving over forty miles in the bitter cold, and were glad to be met at the quarters by Capt. Wilson and Lieut. McDonald, the officers who have just farwelled. On Saturday night we met the people of Freeport for the first time, had a very large crowd, and a good meeting. On Sunday we had the largest crowd that has ever been seen in the barracks, and many had to be turned away. In the afternoon, as Capt. Richards introduced her little sister, many were seen to brush away a tear. Little Miss sang, "In tenderness He sought me," and a very liberal collection was taken up. Although no souls yielded themselves to God, we cannot but think that some day will be revealed the good done in those meetings.—Capt. L. Richards, and Lieut. B. Pemberton.

## Coscoberry Island.

### Two Souls.

Sunday was a day of blessing. God came to our help and two souls were set free.—M. Noel, Lieut.

## Nampton.

### Believing.

We are going in to defeat the powers of darkness, and win souls for God. I believe we shall have the victory. We are expecting Capt. Meade to lead on the forces here.—Maggie R. Meikle, Lieut.

## Hants Harbor.

### One Soul.

Sunday night one man, who had been a backslider for some time, gave his heart to God, and there is much conviction in our meetings. Our soldiers have the interest of the Kingdom at heart.—A. Skinner, Lieut.

## Hare Bay.

### Six Souls.

God has been blessing us during the last two weeks, and we have had the joy of seeing six precious souls seek salvation.—J. Ledrew, Capt.

## Herring Neck.

### Four Souls.

We can report four souls in the fountain. One old crusty, got converted, and his prayer was, "Lord, fill her up light," and God did fill him. He was 47 years of age and never tasted the love of God before. He finds it so good now that he could not sleep last night.—J. D.

(An "old crust" in Herring Neck S. A. dialect means a hardened, dried-up sinner.—Ed.)

## Nespeper.

### Thirty-five Souls.

Our hearts are rejoicing over thirty-five men and women coming to Christ for salvation and sanctification.—Lieut. Groombridge.

## Newton.

### Twenty-four Souls.

After nine months' fighting, orders have come to say farewell, but not without having some victory. A debt of long standing has been wiped out, and two weeks ago the break came and twenty-four souls sought salvation. We give God the glory and go on to greater victory.—Ensign and Mrs. Larder.

## Kempville.

### Lantern Service.

We had a visit from our new T. P. S. Capt. Poole, which was enjoyed by all present. The Captain is the right man in the right place. He favored us with a song after the lantern service, entitled, "He is only a tramp." It took well, and the boys would pay ten cents again to hear the song itself.—Lena Newell.

## Lethbridge.

### Three Souls.

Although a number of our comrades have gone to Fernie, the work has not stopped. We can record some real cases of conversion, and those who have recently started are doing well. This week three came out from the world to serve God. Bro. Nodding, a band leader, from Fort Steele, has joined the ranks in Lethbridge, and is now rejoicing over the fact of having come to this town. This makes three brothers of the Nodding family, and we are praying for the other members of the family.—Wm. Farrow.

## Little Bay Island.

### One Soul.

We can report victory. Sunday was a hard day of battle. At night the power of God was much felt in our midst, and one soul yielded to the strivings of the Spirit.—D. B. Capt.

## Minot.

### One Soul.

Capt. Meyers, after a stay of four months, says good-bye. There was a slight debt on the corps, which was cleared by a "basket social" before she farwelled. The prayers of her comrades follow her to her new appointment. The dear brother mentioned in last report has given himself to God. Sergts. Mrs. C. F. Parker.

## Miscoula.

### Three Souls.

Two precious souls have been captured from the enemy's ranks, and one returned to the fold, making three since last report, and seven during the last three weeks.—J. H. F. R. C.

## Morrishburg.

### Magic Lantern.

We have just had a visit from our C. B. M. Agent, Capt. Poole, with his magic lantern. Everybody was delighted, and want the Captain to come again. We are sorry to say we are losing our J. S. Sergeant, who has been a faithful soldier for some time. The Siege has started in earnest, and officers and soldiers are united to do all they can in win souls for God.—M. Langley, Cadet-Lieut.

## Nespeper.

### Two Souls.

We can report another day of victory. We started with a good time at knee-drill. In the holiness meeting our old comrade, Capt. Charlie Knudsen, led the testimonies in his real lively style. In the afternoon the elements were at war outside, and we were at war inside, and captured one prisoner for King Jesus. At night another came to Jesus.—Reg. Cor.

## New Glasgow.

### Fourteen Souls.

Fourteen souls have been saved during the last two weeks. Capt. Leatley, late of Cape Breton, arrived a few weeks ago to assist the Adjutant. Major Pickering was with us for a week-end, giving his address, "A Standard Certificate," "Pillows," and "The Dead Century." Four souls sought God, and we believe those burning truths have gone into the hearts of everyone present. We are

in good trim for the Siege, and the fishers are in good practice. Adjts. Dowling is always confident of victory, believing we shall do a good stroke of work during the Siege. Last Sunday night the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Trenton Presbyterian Church, addressed the meeting, and two souls sought God. Although looked for a temperance meeting, he felt he could stay all night and see God's work go on.—"Hadd."

## North Sydney.

### How Many?

On Saturday night the officers of Sydney Mines paid us a visit. At our holiness meeting on Sunday morning our indomitable J. S. Sergt.-Major made his appearance. For the last month he has been a prisoner inside the walls of the ancient city of Louisbourg. All day our platform was well decorated with warriors, filled to the brim with salvation love for sinners, and some of our town's people are coming to Jesus for pardon. Our regular correspondent has again come to the front ready to take up the pen and write for the valuable columns of the Cry.—Nathaniel Mariel, Treas.



Sgt. and Mrs. Parker (nee Captain Jarvis), of Minot, N.D.

## Ottawa.

### Forty-one Souls.

We were pleased to have a visit from our leader, Brigadier Puznare. The barracks was packed to its utmost capacity, and thirty-five souls cried to God for mercy. It was an old-time Pentecostal shouting. On the previous Sunday, Adjts. Tovell and Bro. Magee were with us, and six souls sought salvation.—Albert French, Sec.

## Pelly's Island.

### Three Souls.

God is blessing us. During the past week three souls found their way to the Cross. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and everything is progressing favorably.—Cand. E. M. Metcalf.

## Pictou.

### Two for Prayer.

We had a service of song last week, which went well. The meetings all day yesterday were good, and God came near and helped us, and two held up their hands for prayer. We have started the Siege. The Lord will help us if we but do our part. Bro. Sheriff and two other friends have taken two dozen tickets to sell for the social. May God bless them.—Lillie Love.

## Portage in Prairie.

### Watch This Space.

We are helping God bring about a revival. Everybody is being warned to flee from the wrath to come. Prayer meetings are being held in the north, south, east, and west, at the same hour. What shall the result be? Watch.—R. C.

## Soal Cove.

### Ten Souls.

We have had a week of real victory. Ten precious souls sought and found salvation.—A. Peddell, Lieut.



## Capt. W. Cowan,

Southampton, Bermuda.



My love  
Thine

## The Anti-Saloon Crusade of Carrie Nation.

"Mrs. Carrie Nation and her little hatchet promise to become as famous in the history of warfare with the saloon as John Brown and his stalwart sons in their attack on slavery. It is more than a hundred times a call to arms. If legal authorities refuse to enforce the laws enacted by the people, it simply means an upheaval. This will either bring defeat to the temperance and law-abiding forces of the country, or a closer enforcement of the saloon and lawless elements, or it will bring glorious victory. It will either enforce the Prohibition law in Kansas or destroy that law. If it enforces the law the results will be so apparent, the example so contagious, that other States, where Christian people govern, will take courage and array themselves against the enemy of the home country." Such is the comment of the Ram's Horn on the recent sensation caused by Mrs. Nation's bold crusade against "illegal" saloons in Kansas State.

Mrs. Nation is 54 years of age; her maiden name was Moore. She married early in life a Dr. Gloyd, who, a year after their marriage,

### Died of Delirium Tremens.

having become an incorrigible drunkard in so short a time. By his grave-

side Carrie vowed eternal enmity to the saloon.

Soon after that a sister married a man who took to strong drink and spent \$150,000 in a short time; his whole fortune.

After some years she met David Nation, and was married to him soon after. Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Nation moved to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. This town was then the home of some of the toughest characters on the plains. Mrs. Nation made it her daily practice to go into the seven saloons daily and pray and sing for the sinners, and others who frequented them. Sometimes she was not so peaceful. One saloon-keeper made some savage threats to kill her if she came near. She entered the saloon, slapped him in the face, knocked the glass out of his hand, and ordered him out of town. He left never to return. Six years ago she attacked the Medicine Lodge saloon with rocks, sent some of the proprietors to jail, and closed up every den.

### Since then no Liquor has been Sold in that place.

Two months ago she started out to rattle the saloons of Wichita, but the crowds frightened her. Instead she went to Kiowa and smashed two saloons in Kiowa. Then she returned to Wichita and prayed for courage and did some good at their expense.

During the intervening six years Mrs. Nation and her hatchet rested,

but she now says that in these six years the spirit of revolt against the demon rum was working on her. A month ago it became too strong for her, and she started on her second crusade.

Mrs. Nation chose Wichita for her first assault. The last Wednesday in December she warned the "joint" keepers to appear in the bar of the Carey hotel with her arms full of stones. In a moment she had smashed the big mirror, put big holes in an stained-glass window, and crashed five innocent paintings, and crashed five into the auto-room and did a thousand dollars' worth of damage. She was arrested and locked up. Habeas Corpus proceedings were instituted and carried to the Supreme Court, which ordered her release pending trial. But

### Rather than Face a Jury

and the chances of some unwelcome exposures regarding the liquor traffic, she preferring a week in the county disbarred the proceedings against Mrs. Nation, on the ground that he believed her mentally unbalanced.

Tuesday, January 22nd, Mrs. Nation turned up at Wichita again, and, according to the law, she was ordered another anti-saloon round-up. The four women were armed with hatchets and bass-hall bats carefully concealed under their cloaks. They smashed the plate glass front in Burns' saloon, and then made short work of all breakable stuff in the ante-room. They failed to reach the

bar, because the proprietor stood them off with a revolver.

Wednesday afternoon, instead of Enterprise. Followed by a crowd of women, she went to the Klondike saloon. Mrs. Nation was knocked down and rolled in the gutter. Stones flew at her. She was jumped upon by women who stood, literally, on her hands, and stout to struggle much, she was not patient. As soon as there was an opportunity she rose, without showing a trace of excitement. Her eyes flashed, but she was cool. She stopped deliberately from the hands to the sidewalk, and, raising her hand in the position of a platform orator, began a temperance lecture. For a half-hour she talked, and her wonderful nerve and courage won her friends. Then she went to the house of Mrs. Hoffman, wife of the wealthiest man in Enterprise, tied a piece of raw beef over an injured eye, and returned again to her place on the sidewalk.

When she left Enterprise that night a howling mob followed her to the train and amused itself by

### Casting Eggs and Epithets.

Yet she did not seem to mind. Her last words to Mrs. Hoffman, as the train pulled out, were, "Good-bye; keep up the good work. Don't let them open up the rum-holes again."

Saturday evening found her in Topeka, and in an hour she made four ineffectual attempts to enter "joints." The saloon keepers had been warned.

(Continued on p. 13, col. 4.)

### Sinners.

### Eight Souls.

The first day of the Siege has resulted very satisfactorily, even above our expectations. On Sunday night a memorial service was held for our departed comrade, Mrs. Kluffin. God came very near and many were deeply convicted, and eight precious souls found pardon at the feet of Jesus, four of whom were the bereaved children of the mother we laid to rest on the previous Friday. May God keep them all true, is our prayer. On Thursday night, the Praying Band of the Methodist Church, consisting of five young men, conducted a Gospel-Temperance meeting at the barracks. The young men made the meeting very enjoyable, as well as profitable to their souls, songs, readings, etc. We are looking forward to another visit from them, which they promised to give us in the near future.—B. G.

### Snohomish.

### The Train was Late.

On Sunday night we had a special meeting, and 120 people were present. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman took an active part. Mrs. Hoffman sang a beautiful solo, with harp accompaniment, and Mr. Hoffman read the lesson, which was very interesting, and the Spirit of God was felt throughout the entire meeting. On Tuesday we had Major Hargrave with us. We had a real good meeting, but the train being late interfered greatly with our crowd. We have some beautiful friends here, and we are believing that the time will soon come when we shall see souls saved. Our crowds and finances are increasing beautifully. The War Cry takes real well.—Capt. Perrenoud, and Lieut. Malcolm.

### Spokane.

### One Soul.

Souls are surrendering themselves to God. One young woman came out a few days ago, and has since testified that the Lord has really saved her. Our knee-drills are a great help and blessing to us, and we do get a blessing, but others also. Half of those who attend are members of different denominations, and one of them testified last Sunday that he received a blessing which helped him through the remainder of the day, in teaching his class in Sunday-school. Members of other churches of this city, who attend our nightly meetings, speak of the good work done by the Army.—Joe Logan, R. C.

### Springhill.

### A Farewell.

We are sorry to lose Capt. Brown and Cadet Dunkin, whose farewell orders have just arrived. They have discharged their duty faithfully during their stay here, and are about forty-five souls have sought salvation, a large percentage proving good. May God bless them in their new field of labor.—Atmley Gilroy, J. S. 8-M.

### St. Johns I.

On Thursday night we had a service of songs, entitled, "Katie's White Robes," which was appreciated by all. On Saturday night we had an outdoor free-and-easy, led by Adj. McLean and Capt. James. We are sorry to hear that Capt. James is going to leave us. On Sunday six precious, blood-bought souls found pardon.—S. French, Cadet.

### St. Johns I.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Turpin, spent a very successful weekend at No. 1. The meetings were lively and up to date. The Brigadier spoke to us in the holiness meeting on the blessedness of heart, showing very plainly what holiness was, and how it was obtained, and three sought the blessing. In the afternoon Adj. Turpin gave us a very interesting address, and at night we had a great musical Brigadier spoke to us on the words, "What think ye of Christ?" and although his throat was bad, God helped him to reach the hearts of the people, and eleven souls knelt at the cross. Things in general are looking up. The brass band is doing well under Adj. Turpin. Soldiers are being added to the roll every month, and the Cadets are doing good work, and making great progress.—M. James, Capt.

### St. Johns II.

### Four Souls.

On Sunday we had the pleasure of re-opening our barracks, which has been closed for the last three weeks undergoing repairs. At the same time, Capt. James, Mr. Sharp and Adjutant Turpin. The holiness meeting was a soul-refreshing time, the Brigadier dealing out one of his red-hot holiness talks. In the afternoon we had a good time, and four precious souls were added to the roll. At night we were re-informed by Adj. and Mrs. Cave and Captain Welch. Mrs. Sharp held the people spell-bound with one of her heart-searching talks, dealing out the truths with great power. Conviction was stamped on many, and we are belling for a smash in the devil's ranks soon. Our crowds for the day were large, considering the weather. On Wednesday night, Lieut. Mercer gave his life's experience, which touched many hearts. After the meeting we had a coffee social, which was a great success. We have our day school opened this week, and already forty souls are on the roll.—Capt. L. Ridout.

### St. Stephen.

### Almost Persevered.

Captain and Mrs. Lorimer left on Tuesday for Westville, and we are much-needed rest. They leave many friends here, who will be pleased to hear of Mrs. Lorimer's complete restoration to health. On Saturday night we gave Capt. McEachern and

Lieut. Redmond a welcome, Sunday, the first day of the Siege, was very stormy, but notwithstanding the storm and bad condition of the streets, we noticed several in the audience who had not been here before. We had good meetings all day, and some were almost persuaded to yield. Before the Siege closes we hope to have the pleasure of reporting that souls have been saved.—Soldier.

### Sydney.

Since our last report we have had thirteen souls in the foundation of the Siege, and a taken hold of God in faith and souls are being saved at every meeting. One brother was saved on Sunday morning. He is a sea Captain and his vessel lies at this port. According to his testimony he has been a drunkard along this coast; he would curse anything in Heaven, and on earth, but today his testimony is, the swearing, and all the rest of the devil's furniture, has been turned out, and God is blessing him. For the first time at knee-drill we had thirty-two present, while less than a year ago the numbers ranged from two to six. Some of our young men are leaving the ranks of sin, and we are believing for more.—E. W. M.

### The Klondike.

### Two Souls.

I have just returned from the morning meeting, and a few minutes before the mail closes, feel inspired to write a few lines and let you know that God is blessing our work in this far-off country. We were rejoiced to-night to see another precious soul in the foundation. A dear brother who had not been to a religious meeting for four years until a few nights ago, God dealt mightily with him when he did come, and tonight he is saved. Sunday night six others rode in from the city, and we are believing that they would like to be saved. I must also report another beautiful case. A dear man in the hospital, who had been very near the river, sent for the Army, and we went to pray with him. Captains Wilcox and Lloyd, who are ever on the alert for an opportunity of this kind, carried to him the message of peace, which he gladly received, and ever since has been rejoicing in his freedom. We add that the meetings are on the upgrade, God's presence is wonderfully manifested, the young converts are doing famously, and an enrolment of soldiers is taking place on the block. We have had some record-breaking weather of late, the coldest ever known in the Klondike. The official record was 68.7, but some thermometer took advantage of the opportunity and dropped down to 10. It was a common thing to see them at 75. Some drug stores hung out Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and some alcohol, and another enterprising individual, we

are informed, hung out a bottle of whiskey. Report has it that it was stolen.—George Shanley, Captain.

### Tillamook.

### Eight Souls.

Yesterday we fought a hard battle; the devil tried to defeat us but God was with us, and we rejoiced over two souls won for His Kingdom. Last week we had a wedding; one of our adherents took unto himself a wife, and thus they came to the barracks and got Euseb Snow to tie the knot. We also had a dedication and six souls, making a total of thirty since taking hold.—Capt. Barry.

### Trinity.

### One Soul.

God came very near on Friday night, and one soul came for cleansing. On Sunday night another special meeting was held. "Where, When, and What?" and on Sunday one sister decided to forsake her sins and follow Jesus. God is working and many are convicted.—Sergeant John Lucas.

### Triton.

### Four Souls.

On Thursday night we had a children's jubilee. The children did their part well, and the people were delighted. Sunday night was a real Holy Ghost time; God's Spirit was felt in a wonderful manner, and we had the joy of seeing four at the Cross seeking pardon.—E. Williams.

### Willington.

### Five Souls.

On Sunday our hearts were made glad by seeing five precious souls added to Christ. Quite a number have been saved of late, and we are believing for many more.—P. M., Captain.

### Windsor.

### Two Souls.

God is with us and victory is sure. Sunday's meetings were times of much blessing and deep conviction, and resulted in the salvation of two souls.—Cadet-Lieut. Minner.

### Westville.

### Victory Coming.

Yesterday we had a grand time all day, and splendid crowds, the hall being too small at night. Lieut. Hamilton, who has been home for nearly two years, farewelled for the field again. The prospects for the Siege are good; the soldiers are going in to do their best instead of going home to teach a number of the soldiers, and the officers, remained in the barracks, and held a prayer-meeting. God came very near. Victory must come.—N. W. Knight, Euseb.

### Woodstock.

### Five Souls.

We closed the week with five souls at the Cross. God is giving us victory. We are in for God and we must have them. For God's grace we shall conquer.—B. C. Mrs. J. Paul.





### Wearing the Crown.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Bro. Finnmore, one of our oldest soldiers, has been called to the ranks above, after suffering for some time with that dreadful disease, cancer. Bro. Finnmore, with three of his sons, was converted some years ago, while Capt (now Adj.) J. McLean was in charge of this camp, and has since been a faithful follower of the Lord. He has gone now to receive his reward.

Ensign Larder and Capt. Greenlund conducted an impressive service at the home of our departed comrade, after which quite a number of soldiers and friends marched to the cemetery, where another short service was held. Our comrade's remains were then placed in the grave, and we promised God we would live so that death would find us prepared.—G. M.

### A Sudden Call.

OLD PERLICAN, Nfld.—The sudden death of Hayward Barry, who was in the bloom of youth, has cast much gloom over our little town. While watching the commons in search of game, he missed his footing and was precipitated over a cliff. When found, his body was lifeless. Deep regret comes to our hearts that our brother left no testimony behind. The night previous, he attended the holiness meeting and acknowledged the fact that he was exceedingly miserable on account of his backslidings. When pleaded with, he expressed his intention of getting converted, but did not do so that night. He little thought that it would be his last chance. Death is sure to overtake each one of us and it behooves us to be ready.—For Lieut. Bailey.

### A Brave Warrior of the London Corps Called to Her Reward.

We are again called upon to chronicle the death of a true, Blood-and-Fire warrior. This time it is Sister Day, who has been a faithful and devoted soldier for seventeen years. For the past five years Sister Day has been in very poor health, but able to attend to most of her duties until a year ago, when it was discovered that her suffering was caused by cancer. Since that time she has been confined to her home, and only the Lord knows how much our sister suffered, especially during the last six months. She bore her pain with great patience, realizing that "God was a very present help in time of trouble." When I visited her, and made enquiries about her soul, she would say, "All is well, Jesus is very near to me. I could not bear this pain without Him. He is my only comfort," and "How glad I am that, when a mere child, I made my peace with God. This is the reason I have no fear now."

We gave her a proper Army funeral. Her home was ten miles in the country, and notwithstanding the awful cold and blinding storm, there was a large crowd present. The service at the house was very touching, and those who gathered were greatly affected.

The memorial service was held in the Citadel on the following Sunday night. Many of the comrades gave a glowing

tribute to the memory of our departed sister, telling how her godly, consistent life, and words of counsel, had been a means of cheer and blessing to them. One sister said that the very grasp of heaven would send a thrill of joy through her soul. Another sister told how she had always found Sister Day ready to give a reason for the hope that was in her. Serjeant-Major Andrews sang a salutation song, "We shall all meet again on the great Judgment morning," after which Adj. Wakefield spoke from Jer. ix. 21, "For death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces." Death was spoken of as a conquered enemy, waiting for its prey. God's Spirit worked mightily, sobbing could be heard in different parts of the building, and one poor struggling soul grounded his arms of rebellion, and in the blood of Christ the power to remove the sting of death, viz. sin. Many others, who would not yield, carried with them the arrow of conviction. The prayers of our comrades are asked for the bereaved ones.—W. J. W.

### S. A. Loses a Warm Friend.

ADMIRAL HARBOR.—Death has visited our village and taken from our midst a warm and practical Army friend, in the person of Mrs. John Crowell, Sr. Her face will be missed at our meetings, as she was a regular attendant. Many officers will remember Mrs. Crowell's kind hospitality.—She was always ready to help us. Our needs are that God will comfort the sorrowing ones, and uphold them in this great trial.—A. Charlton, Capt.

### Sister Kniffin, of Simcoe, Called Home.

Death has again visited the Simcoe camps, taking from our midst one of our oldest soldiers, Mrs. Geo. Kniffin. Our sister lived some five or six miles in the country, consequently could not get to the meetings as often as she would have liked to, but she was always able to give a bright testimony to the saving and keeping power of God when she had an opportunity. Adj. Blackburn and Treas. Mason held our comrade's home two weeks before she died; her husband was then sick, and Mrs. Kniffin was apparently well. Last Monday, however, the Adjutant was sent for and found Mrs. Kniffin suffering with pneumonia of the lungs. Her body was racked in pain, but she assured the Adjutant that her soul was all right, and that she loved Jesus. Her last words to the Adjutant were, "What would I do without my Jesus?" She died the next day. Thank God, she had Christ with her in life, and she had Him in death. She died triumphantly.

The funeral service was held in the Methodist Church, Woodhouse, near our sister's home. Her body was laid in the grave. After the minister had given an impressive address, the Adjutant and Treasurer spoke on our departed sister's life, of the bright testimony she always had, and how she was loved by her comrades in the field. The service at the grave was conducted by the Adjutant.

On Sunday night a memorial service was held, at which several of the bereaved family were present. The Spirit of God was indeed felt, and when the invitation was given a son of the departed mother volunteered right out to the front, followed by his sister, then another brother and another sister, who all got heavenly saved and testified of their desire from that time forward to live such a life as would enable them to some day see their beloved mother in that beautiful

land where all tears shall be wiped away. Our prayers and sympathy are with the sorrowing husband, who is a true soldier, and the rest of the bereaved family, in this their hour of affliction.—B. G.

The following favorite verses of Sister Kniffin, copied from her Bible, were read by Mrs. Blackburn at the memorial service. Many were in tears while they were being read:—

O Lord, with me now create  
A spirit such as Thine;  
Oh, grant me grace to live by faith,  
To walk in ways Divine.  
Inspire anew my every thought,  
My every action guide;  
Be with me through the busy day,  
At night with me abide.

Enable me henceforth to bear,  
With joy, my every cross;  
May I, with yet increasing love,  
Praise Thee, for gain or loss.

So may my soul, made pure and white,  
And sanctified with  
Love in this world of sinfulness,  
Here heavenly life begin.

### Bro George Logan, of Liegar St., Promoted to Glory.

Our dear comrade, Bro. Geo. Logan, has left his earthly home for the mansion above. His death was sudden and unexpected, but he was ready. When on his way to the meeting at the Sunday school, he was met by the Master

said, "Bro. Logan, I am going to promote you from earth to heaven," and all alone, on Queen Street, he sank to the ground and passed away with a murmur. About two hours before our comrade died he was talking to two of the soldiers about death and funerals, and remarked that he could readily make his own coffin, and if needs be paint it red, and write on it, "A penitent form where sinners can find mercy." He desired an Army funeral, which we gave him on Saturday, Feb. 23rd.

Bro. Logan was one of the cheerful sort, always happy, and beloved by saints and sinners. His conversations were deeply spiritual, and those coming in contact with him were always blessed. He was very practical, and always ready to help sinners into the Fountain. A favorite chorus which he used to sing was—

"Jesus is good to me,  
Jesus is good to me,  
So good, so good,  
Jesus is good to my soul."

The Bible was his constant companion. Our comrade took a great interest in the Junior work and was greatly beloved by the children. Now the places that once knew him know him no more.

The memorial service was conducted by Major Turner; Staff-Capt. Stanton, Staff-Capt. Manton, and assisting. A number of the Headquarters Staff assisted the band. The barracks was nicely filled, and both the service and funeral procession was deeply impressive.

Major Collier and Staff-Capt. Manton conducted the memorial service of our departed comrade on Sunday night last. The barracks was too small for the accommodation of the crowd. Several were given the opportunity of testifying of the blessing and help given Bro. Logan's life had been to them. The solos of Mrs. Collier and Staff-Capt. Manton were appropriate, and a stirring address from Major Collier brought the services to a close. We mean to meet our comrade in the land where death never comes.—S. McFarland, R. C.



Captain Brown and Cadet Dunkin, Springfield, N.S.

### THE ANTI-SALOON CRUSADE OF CARRIE NATION.

(Continued from page 12.)

In the place on Fourth Street, kept by A. Meyers and his wife, she received a terrible drubbing at the hands of Mrs. Meyers, who wielded a broomstick, and cut Mrs. Nation on the back of the head and on the shoulders. When she entered William Ryan's saloon, Ryan, who is a six-footer, grabbed her in his arms and placed her outside the door. Two thousand men, women, and boys, followed Mrs. Nation from place to place, and finally it was necessary to get a posse of police for her protection. After once rebuff, she would say, "Where's another 'john'?" Then she would talk to the mob thus: "This is not my work; that I am doing. It's God's work."

On Sunday Mrs. Nation took a rest, and Monday morning she made haste to the State House. She found Governor Stanley in his office, and immediately opened up to him. It was a painful hour for the Governor that he spent. Probably no other Governor ever had such an experience.

Mrs. Nation put her questions direct and quick as lightning. Governor Stanley questioned her mother in trying to stamp out the saloons.

"Well, Governor, have you got a better one?" said Mrs. Nation. "No, I don't think I have." "Then what are you going to do?" She reminded him of his

Oath to Support the Constitution and execute the laws. She drew from him an admission that rum shops are against the law.

"Why, then, don't you close them?" said she.

The Governor pleaded that he was powerless. "What can I do?" he said. "Calm and clear came Mrs. Nation's reply: 'Call out the militia. You can close every 'john' in Kansas. If you will, Governor Stanley.' Then rising from her seat she looked him squarely in the face and said: 'You can do it, if you want to, but you won't. But you are a law-breaker if you don't. You took your oath of office to keep the constitution. If you refuse my request you are not only a lawbreaker but a perjurer.'"

Then Mrs. Nation took another tack and ally secured from the Governor an promise that if she would induce the prosecuting attorneys to put the "john" keepers in jail he would try and find a way to keep them there.

Mrs. Nation was almost beside herself with joy, and she kept repeating, "Oh, praise God! Praise God for my side. Oh, praise God!"

The Governor got rid of her by referring her to the Attorney General, who referred her to the City Attorney, and so on down the line of officials. But she gave each of them now a spicy sauce. She accused all of them of dodging, "but," said she, "you can't dodge my hatchet."



# AIR HUSKERS HONOR ROLL

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 92 Huskies.

Lieut. Kitchen, London	256
Lieut. Crawford, Brampton	257
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	177
Lieut. G. Yeomans, Wingham	150
Lieut. Malsey, St. Thomas	139
Captain Horwood, Windsor	115
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	115
Bro. Van, Davidson, Leamington	105
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	199
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	83
Lieut. Watson, Blenheim	75
Capt. Brooks, Wexford	75
Ensign Slope, Stratford	75
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	75
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	75
Capt. Stitzer, Goderich	75
Lieut. Pickle, Newburg	70
Captain Heater, Clinton	65
Cadet Erb, Galt	65
Captain Haley, Sarnia	65
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	65
Captain Williams	65
Lieut. Fenwick, Palmerston	61
Sister Allen, Mitchell	69
Lieut. Winters, Wyoming	69
Mrs. Ensign Slope, Stratford	75
Captain Jordison, Hespeler	65
Lieut. Edwards, Stratford	65
Captain Hickox, Forest	52
P. S. M. Benn, Petrolia	52
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	52
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	52
S. M. J. Glover, Dresden	59
Lieut. Plant, Stratford	59
Lieut. Wakelid, London	59
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	49
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaforth	48
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	48
Adj. McGillivray, Brampton	45
Lieut. Allen, Stratford	45
Captain Cox, Ingersoll	44
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	44
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	40
Bro. McCall, Drayton	40
Lieut. Stickels, Listowel	40
Captain Rindler, Listowel	40
Sergeant Palmer, Listowel	40
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	39
Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	39
Lieut. Craft, Guelph	35
Mrs. Britton, St. Thomas	35
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	35
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe	35
Lieut. Crank, Paris	32
Mother Cutting, Essex	39
Capt. A. Dowell, Stratford	39
Captain Carr, Verdriet	39
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	39
Capt. 'er, Seaforth	39
Sister Haldane, Watford	39
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	39
Captain Thompson, Stratford	28
Captain Hancock, Palmerston	28
Captain Copeman, Paris	28
Mrs. Freedwell, Kingsville	25
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	25
P. S. M. Dearing, Hespeler	25
Lieut. Groom, Woodstock	25
Captain White, Chatham	25
Sergeant Hodgins, Windsor	25
Fred Talcott, Ridgeway	25
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	24
Mrs. McHenry, St. Thomas	24
Mrs. Pettit, St. Thomas	24
Sergeant R. Ellis, Dresden	24
Corps-Cadet Simpson, Guelph	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	21
Mrs. McDougall, Goderich	21
Bro. Musgrave, Woodstock	20
Marshall Henk, Wallaceburg	20
Sergeant Christner, Petrolia	20
Captain Harman, Bothwell	20
Lieut. Burney, Dresden	20
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	20
J. S. H. Heckler, Stratford	20
Sister Rumble, Blenheim	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
May Barnes, Simcoe	20
Maisey Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Stanley Gunning, Chatham	20
Pearl Haldare, Chatham	20

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

## 81 Huskies.

Cadet Holc'm, St. John I.	213
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	210
Mrs. Adj. Frazer, Halifax I.	210
Cadet Kenny, St. John I.	210
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	145
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	115
Capt. Clark, St. John I.	110
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Sergeant Santucia, Hamilton	100
N. Flood, Hamilton	100

Mrs. Adj. Dowell, New Glasgow	100
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle I.	100
Mrs. Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	100
Capt. Mathew, Moncton	85
Capt. Bowring, Campbellton	80
J. Parsons, New Glasgow	80
Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	80
Lieut. Murthough, Stellarton	75
Lieut. White, Sussex	75
Lieut. McKie, Hampton	75
Lieut. Redmont, Chatham	75
Lieut. C. C. Tatem, St. John V.	79
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	70
I. McFadden, Fredericton	61
Bro. Rea, St. John I.	60
M. Smith, Windsor	60
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	60
H. Murphy, Dartmouth	60
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. McKie, Carleton	60
M. Myler, Kentville	60
I. Hardwick, Bridgetown	65
M. Vandine, Fairville	65
Capt. Forey, Canning	65
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	60
Lieut. Lebons, Pictou	60
Mrs. Fraser, Kent River	60
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	60
Capt. G. P. Thompson, N. Sydney	60
Lieut. N. Smith, St. John III.	60
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Carleton	60
Mrs. Fraser, Kent River	60
Capt. Doyle, Hillsboro	40
Lieut. Tyler, Clark's Harbor	40
A. Thomson, Moncton	35
S. Holden, Windsor	35
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	35
Ellie Ross, Fredericton	35
A. Goodwin, Annapolis	35
F. Adams, St. John V.	30
Lieut. March, Sydney	30
Sergeant Murray, Sydney	30
Sergeant McDowd, Dartmouth	30
Lieut. Bradley, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. McDonald, Freeport	25
Ensign Knight, Westville	25
T. Fairweather, St. John III.	25
Capt. Wyatt, Moncton	25
Mrs. Whitlock, Fredericton	25
C. Chislett, N. Sydney	21
C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	21
C. C. Sparks, New Glasgow	20
B. Sharpman, Windsor	20
Lieut. Harding, Annapolis	20
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	20
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	20
Sergeant Jones, St. John III.	20
Adj. Byers, St. John III.	20
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	20
Lieut. McWilliams, St. John II.	20
Capt. Macleod, Houlton	20
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	20
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	20
Lieut. T. Urquhart, Halifax I.	20
Capt. Parsons, Digby	20
Capt. Miller, Digby	20
Capt. Owens, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Elsay, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Murthough, Eastport	20
Capt. Perry, North Head	20
Lieut. Minnis, North Head	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 73 Huskies.

Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	170
Capt. Woods, Cornwall	163
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Pictou	161
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	150
Capt. Bessie, Belleville	80
Sergeant Hippen, Montreal II.	60
Capt. McNamey, Sherbrooke	60
Adj. Moore, Kingston	85
Capt. Hickman, Pembroke	79
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Yule, Montreal I.	75
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal I.	75
Ensign Yere, Newport	75
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	75
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Mrs. Adj. Moore, Kingston	75
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	75
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	72
Capt. Green, Trenton	65
Sergeant Moore, Montreal I.	62
P. S. M. Barber, Burlington	60
Adj. Kendall, Burlington	55
Capt. Bethune, Burlington	55
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	55
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	50
Capt. Pritchard, Brockville	50
Cadet-Lieut. Wagh, Brockville	50
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	50
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	50
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	50
Adj. Donnelly, Cobourg	50
Sergeant Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Sergeant Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Tytus, Burlington	45

Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	40
Sergeant Stone, Peterboro	35
Mrs. Barker, Burlington	35
Adj. Doucet, Cobourg	35
Capt. Norman, Quebec	35
Capt. Grose, Quebec	35
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	30
Capt. Ash, Belleville	30
Cadet-Lieut. Slater, St. Albans	30
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	30
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Sergeant Brown, Kingston	30
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	30
Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	30
Capt. Bland, Prescott	30
Willie McWilliams, Montreal I.	28
Cadet-Lieut. Jewell, Pictou	26
M. Veal, Barre	26
Sister Russell, Millbrook	25
Capt. Randall, Pictou	25
Ethel Morrow, Campbellford	25
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	25
Lieut. Crosier, Port Hope	25
Sergeant Logie, Montreal I.	25
Sister Smith, Montreal I.	25
Sergeant Menckies, Ottawa	25
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	25
Lieut. Rutledge, Ogdensburg	20
Capt. Welr, Prescott	20
Bro. Boyd, Prescott	20
Ethel Morrow, Campbellford	20
Pathe Duquet, Trenton	20
Sergeant Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sergeant Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sergeant Vacon, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Pictou	20
Capt. Kewell, Kempville	20
Lieut. Bushey, Kempville	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 71 Huskies.

Lieut. Curriel, Hamilton I.	300
Capt. Wilson, Orillia	30
Capt. Hanna, Midland	30
Adj. Ogilvie, Owen Sound	30
Sister Fung, Lisgar St.	30
Capt. McLeannan, Owen Sound	30
Lieut. Marskell, Little Current	30
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	30
Sister Howman, Temple	62
Sister Ross, Port Hope	60
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	60
Adj. Burrows, Barrie	60
Ethel White, Barrie	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Sergeant Simpson, Lisgar St.	50
Sister Brown, Collingwood	50
Capt. Howcroft, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Greavett, Oshawa	50
Capt. Liston, Toronto I.	50
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bond, North Bay	50
Sergeant Stewart, Lisgar St.	47
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	47
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	46
Ensign Brant, Chesley	46
Capt. Polg, Port Hope Falls	45
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	45
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	40
Sergeant Godden, Lippincott St.	38
Sergeant Stacey, Port Hope Falls	38
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	37
Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton II.	37
Ensign Brant, Chesley	37
Lieut. Stiekels, Aurora	35
Sergeant Tush, Lisgar St.	35
Pathe Dixon, Pictou	32
Minnie Gimber, Temple	31
Mrs. Mellock, Temple	30
Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	30
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Bond, Bowmanville	30
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	30
Bro. W. Thompson, Sudbury	30
Sergeant Richards, Lindsay	30
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	25
Ensign Loft, Menard	25
M. Thompson, Port Hope Falls	25
Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	25
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	25
Bro. Smith, Sudbury	25
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	23
Capt. Smith, Lindsay	22
Capt. Owen, Port Hope	22
Capt. LeCoeq, Temple	22
Sergeant Brown, Lisgar St.	22
Capt. Marshall, Faversham	22
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	22
Adj. B. Lyons, Port Hope	21
Cadet Ellis, Temple	20
Elye Case, Hamilton I.	20
Elly Murdock, Hamilton I.	20
P. E. Southwell, Toronto I.	20
Bro. Slater, Port Hope Falls	20
Capt. Brooks, Aurora	20
Lieut. Griffith, Ahme Harbor	20
Lieut. Lamb, Omemee	20
Sister Courtemanche, Kilmount	20

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## 62 Huskies.

Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	80
Sergeant Mrs. Taylor, Winnipeg	80

Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	50
Lieut. A. Cook, Annesdown	78
Lieut. J. G. Moorhead	75
Ensign M. Culbert, Fargo	75
Mrs. Ensign Hahkkr, Grand Forks	65
Cadet Papstein, Winnipeg	65
A. Lawford, Fargo	62
Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris	60
Capt. Bledgett, Brandon	55
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	55
Annie Pearce, Calgary	55
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	55
Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	45
Capt. G. Gillan, Regina	45
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	45
Capt. Hahkkr, Dauphin	42
Cadet McFarren, Port Arthur	40
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
Adj. Dean, Brandon	38
Capt. Foster, Port William	37
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	37
Mrs. A. Stapleton, Dauphin	35
Capt. It. Taylor, Neepawa	35
J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	35
Mrs. Capt. Wapman, Devil's Lake	35
Capt. E. Hall, Grafton	35
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	32
Sergeant Major Mrs. Michael, Devil's Lake	31
Capt. L. Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Lieut. A. M. Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Capt. E. Cusker, Port William	30
Adj. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	30
Capt. Bouson, Rismarek	28
Lieut. Moller, Devil's Lake	28
Lieut. Engdahl, Moosemu	28
Sergeant Long, Brandon	28
Capt. Barrager, Laramie	25
Lieut. Kregler, Moose Jaw	24
Lieut. Price, Carman	22
Capt. Brandner, Carman	22
Capt. N. Meyers, Minot	22
Lieut. Moller, Brandon	22
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20
Capt. Brown, Virde	20
Sergeant Trow, Winnipeg	20
Sergeant M. Thompson, Winnipeg	20
Capt. C. Chappin, Winnipeg	20
Sergeant Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg	20
Sister M. Cook, Winnipeg	20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## 37 Huskies.

Sergeant. Preston, Spokane	180
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Nelson	109
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Butte	140
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria	135
Lieut. Gale, Helena	95
Lieut. Jones, Helena	95
Capt. Haas, Livingston	75
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	71
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	70
Sergeant. Glen, Butte	70
Lieut. Smith, Kalspell	65
Capt. Haden, Reno	65
Sergeant. Merdill, Billings	65
Sergeant. Hoffman, New Westminster	62
Sergeant. Major Whipple, Vancouver	62
Capt. Walruth, Great Falls	62
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	61
Mrs. Great Falls	61
Capt. Nesbitt, Great Falls	50
Cadet Buck, New Whatcom	50
Capt. Galt, Lewiston	50
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	45
Capt. Kroll, Missoula	45
Mrs. Spangus, Missoula	45
Capt. Dulce, Bozeman	43
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	42
Lieut. Howell, Vancouver	41
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	40
Sergeant. Wm. Steel, Fording	40
Capt. Haden, Reno	40
Sister Anderson, Helena	25
Mrs. Scadden, Helena	22
Bro. Ratcliffe, Mt. Vernon	20
Sergeant. Norton, Fernie	20
Capt. Lacey, Fernie	20
Lieut. Haden, Snohomish	20
Capt. Perrenoud, Snohomish	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

## 23 Huskies.

Sergeant. Jessie Lidstone, St. Johns I	100
Sergeant. Major Lidstone, St. Johns II	100
Sergeant. E. Hutchings, St. Johns I	35
Sergeant. I. Stowbridge, St. Johns I	30
Nellie Rose, Grand Bank	30
Elmer H. Rose, Grand Bank	30
Dinah Hickman, Grand Bank	30
Cadet A. Mercer, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I	25
Cadet E. White, St. Johns I	25
Cadet S. French, St. Johns I	25
Cadet. E. C. French, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. Mary Hadden, St. Johns I	25
Can. E. Payton, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. Evans, Hant's Harbor	25
Sergeant. Peckham, St. Johns I	25
Cadet Cronie, St. Johns I	25
Cadet. R. C. French, St. Johns I	25
Cadet Smith, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. M. King, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. B. Muford, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. Major Elshay, St. Johns I	25
Sergeant. Barlett, Brigus	25



## ARAB PASSES THE EASTERN STAR BY A ROUND DOZEN.

**Mag Keeps Ahead of Nigger—A Great Improvement in Most Provinces—Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton I., Tops the List—Kitchener and Crawford Almost Even.**

Good old Arab is the blood, and no doubt, in spite of the larger size of the East, it is twelve paces behind Arab this week. Well done, faithful Arab.

Poor old Nigger! I am afraid Hustler's La Grippe has gripped him, and left him much shaken up by it. He cannot get ahead of Mag, although it is not for the want of trying. He is only two behind; that's all—but it makes the difference.

The North West shows up splendidly this week. With some effort I think that the N. W. and the Pacific could defeat the East. I wish they would together challenge the new P.O.

Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton, takes the Championship with a tremendous leap, past Kitchener. Three hundred sales is an exceptional record, and has not been touched for a long time. Shake hands, Lieutenant, and see how long you can keep the Championship.

Kitchener and Crawford take second place with 256 and 255, respectively. They are worthy hustlers, and although second this week, both have worn the laurels of victory with modest men.

There are many others who did well: The East has three names with over 200 sales each: Cadet Holden, Lieut. Long, and Mrs. Adj. Frazier. Mrs. Rock, of Chatham, sold 177; Lieut. Hicks, E. O. P., 170.

We like to mention Sergt. Preston, in Spokane, who is the champion hustler of the Pacific (180 sales). A few weeks back we printed his photo in the War Cry. He is a regular War Cry boomer and never fails to get his Cry sold. God bless him.

The Sergt.-Major of Glace Bay writes: There is a little rivalry (holly, of course) going on between the Ensign and the Secretary as to who shall sell the most War Cry.

The Secretary, if I am rightly informed, has challenged the Ensign to single combat, the man who sells the larger number of War Crys to be declared the winner.

Considering that Sister Wilde has been added to the boomers' list and though last coming on, is by no means the lowest boomer, your humble dust thinks it would be a good time for the Editor to get in a few extra copies of the War Cry. When the last increase was made I promised the Officer to pay for them when they would not be sold, but I have not been asked to "ante up." Now then, Mr. Editor, here is a show for you."



Brother Hustler's Vision.

Erm. Hustler had had a bad toothache, which he thought was a trick of the devil to keep him from selling War Crys.

## \* For Band of Love Workers. \*

### THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### Bandages for the Forearm and Arm.

Bandages for the forearm and arm are applied in various ways, as will be seen directly. The roller bandage

For supporting the forearm and arm when injured, innumerable bandages have been devised, some of which are shown here, in which use is made of the square and triangular bandages.

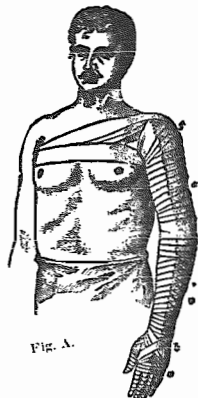


Fig. A.

is very useful here, and is the one usually employed. Fig. A shows the whole arm and hand may be bandaged. Each division of the arm may be taken separately, the figure still showing the correct mode of application.



Fig. B.—Showing how to bind up shoulder, hand, and elbow, and supporting the hand in a plain sling.



Fig. C.—Showing the application of support to the arm and elbow, the weight resting on the right shoulder only.



Fig. D.—Same bandage as C, only applied so that the left shoulder supports the weight.

Fig. E.—Bandage applied so that it cannot be removed by restless patient. (Useful for children.)



Fig. F.—Sling for the arm, the weight being on both shoulders.



Fig. G.—Showing various methods of applying triangular bandages.

Fig. H shows a very useful apparatus for applying continuous cold to an inflamed member; it may be just as easily applied to the head or lower extremity. It consists, essentially, of a vessel with ice water, a rubber tube, and a support for the arm. It will be found necessary to bandage the arm to the support.

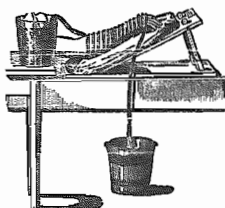


Fig. H.

##### Bandages for the Trunk.

Take a bandage two and one-half inches wide and eight or ten yards in length.

**FIRST METHOD.**—Place the beginning of the bandage over the front of the chest; pass it from the lower margin of the ribs in an obliquely upward direction to one or the other shoulder; pass the roller down over the shoulder behind to the level of



Fig. I.

the axilla, and begin making the usual spiral turns about the whole chest, drawing them snugly; each turn should overlap the preceding one by half its width. These turns should extend down as far as necessary, and should be pinned to one another, and also to the strip of bandage extending over the front of the chest. The end may be confined as usual.

A second method is used, in which the ordinary reverse is made use of, as is shown in the cut, which needs no explanation.

**USES.**—These bandages are most often used in fractures of the ribs or their cartilages, fractures of the breastbone, spinal column, and to retain dressings on any part of the chest.

A very efficient chest bandage may also be improvised by making use of a strip of muslin of whatever width may be required, and pinning it snugly with safety-pins. The only objection to it being that it does not exert a regular pressure over the whole chest, unless it be very carefully applied.

In using this form of bandage, two narrow strips should pass over the shoulders, to prevent its slipping down on the abdomen.

##### A Godrich Quintette.



Sister Bond. Sister Bond. Lieut. Smith. Capt. Cox. Sister McDougall.

## The Young Man's Chances To-Day.

"A young man of capacity, industry, and integrity has a field for individual effort such as has never before existed in this country," writes Edward Bok of "The Times and the Young Man," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the haggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable: have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and swiftness of his strength. The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has got the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck; that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not."

"The world is all chances," said one statesman to another, on the eve of a great political crisis, and ten to one of them are in favor of the man who is not to be frightened by anything. I like the sentiment, though not particularly fond of the term "chances," because it seems to stir a Providence; but it is true, that ten to one are in favor of the man who is not easily frightened by any difficulties he may have to encounter in the work of soul-saving.—Caughy.

